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RURAL CHARMS.

BY W. O. FARMER.

Who has not oft sighed to inhale,
The pure, fresh air from hill and vale—
The perfumed gales from flower and field,
Invigorating health that yield!
What bliss—exhilarating joy,
Far from the City's press to fly—
Its sweltering sun, dust, toil and care,
And to fond rural scenes repair—

Free to enjoy those charms unknown,
Except 'neath rural skies alone:
To muse or gambol, walk or ride,
To wonder by the cool brook's side;
To watch, as each day's course is run,
The glories of the setting sun—
Or hear the song birds pipe their lay,
In greeting to the new-born day.

And when the twilight shadows fall,
List to the lowing cattle call,
Or see them picturesquely browse,
Or, listlessly recumbent, drowse!
To feel, at hallow'd vesper time,
The distant church bell's mellowed chime,
Beharm the soul in dulcet strains,
Soft as the Harp Æolia claims!

Who would not wish it were his lot—
The world and all its cares forgot,—
To live amid these glowing scenes—
Fond vision of the Poet's dreams!
To see the tumbling torrent leap,
In mist and spray from rock and steep—
Then glide away in tranquil wood
Through sunny glen and shady wood,—

Now, nestling, hid in copsewood green,
Emerging now, in sunshine seen,
Till, in its far-off, hazy bed,
It gleams, a tiny silver thread!
Deep in the limpid pool to trace,
Reflected Nature's every grace—
Its emerald banks—the grass that waves,
The shrub that in its crystal laves,

The fleecy cloud—the flow'et's bloom,
The Sun-King's splendor at his noon—
Or the flushed West, whose Protean dyes,
In gorgeous colors tint the skies!

And, then, what quiet joy to sit,
As evening's shadows change and flit,
And all is still—hushed every sound,
And nothing living breathes around,—

And catch the insect chorus swell
In low, soft cadence o'er the spell—
Blest contrast to the dim and strife
Besetting poor vexed human life!
Or turn to where the fertile soil
In plenty decks the peasant's toil;
Where rippling fields of golden wheat,
Broad meadows rich in clover, meet.

Where mounds of new-mown hay exhale
Sweet odors to the passing gale—
Taste of the sweets that must have blest,
Fair Eden ere its Eve transgressed!
Or wend thro' pastures stocked with kine,
That use and ornament combine:
The sward so green—to charm the eye,
The herbage—fodder to supply.

Or, peeping from its foliage screen,
Behold the farmer's cottage gleam—
Its many-colored tiles ablaze,
Bathed in the sun's last golden rays!
Ah! cold must be the heart, and dead—
To gross alloying habits wed,—
That fails to prize the wealth of bliss,
Showered by Heaven on homes like this!

MONTREAL.

In the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, an elephant has been turned out of his house to allow of a chase of the rats that devoured his food. The rats ran about in all directions, and while the elephant was stooping to pick up a morsel of bread which one of the crowd had thrown to him, a rat, fancying he saw a means of escape, took refuge in the interior of his trunk. The elephant made frantic efforts to relieve himself of his unwelcome visitor, but in vain. Suddenly he paused and seemed to reflect, then he went to his basin, filled his trunk with water, and amidst the great excitement of the lookers-on, ejected the water and the unfortunate rat with one sublime effort.



"THE TELL-TALE SCAR."

FEUDAL TIMES; OR, TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(Translated especially for the FAVORITE from
the French of Paul Duplessis.)

CHAPTER XX. AN HONEST ALLIANCE.

After taking the seat pointed out to her by Monseigneur de Canilhac, Diane raised her beautiful eyes to those of the marquis, and then, in tones which, though moved by emotion, indicated at once determination and anxiety, commenced the conversation.

"Monseigneur," she said, "it is impossible that news of the monstrous wrong done to my mother by the Marquis de la Tremblais should not have reached you. Our servants infamously assassinated, our fortified house of Tauve traitorously taken by assault and given over to pillage, and the terrible murder of the Dame d'Erlanges, my mother, constitute a fact such as has no parallel in history!"

"You deceive yourself, mademoiselle," interrupted the marquis; "on the contrary, the history of our civil wars abounds in similar facts.

I must not conceal from you, if, as I have no doubt is the case, your intention is to invoke my protection, that while recognizing to the full the justice and extent of your griefs, it will be simply impossible for me to afford you any remedy. The religion to which you belong places you in an entirely exceptional position. If I were to take part against the Marquis de la Tremblais, a zealous Catholic, in favor of the Demoiselle d'Erlanges, an avowed Protestant, I should arouse the whole noblesse of the province of Auvergne, and, what is worse, should be blamed at Court."

"Be under no apprehension, monseigneur," replied Diane. "I have placed my interests in the hands of heaven; it is not of myself I wish to address you in this interview. If I call your attention to the odious crime committed by the Marquis de la Tremblais, it is because the subjects on which I desire to speak to you relate to that crime. A brave and loyal gentleman, Monsieur le Chevalier Sforzi, languishes at this moment in the dungeons of the Château de la Tremblais, awaiting an ignominious and cruel death. Monsieur de Sforzi is a Catholic, and happened to be at Tauve when the house was surprised in the dead of night and sacked. He did all that a man of honor would have done in his place—fought valiantly! Overcome by numbers, he fell; but his defeat was, as his resistance had been, heroic and glorious! Surrounded by enemies—assassins—he gave vent to his indignation, and inflicted on the marquis an irreparable affront. Too cowardly to face Monsieur de Sforzi, the marquis remits to the hands of his executioner the care of his vengeance. Will you, monseigneur, allow this new crime to be committed? I cannot believe it. Blood so shed would tarnish your blazon; you would be put under the ban of the noblesse. That, mon-

seigneur, is what I had to say to you. The gratitude I owe Monsieur de Sforzi, now in danger of his life for having sustained my mother's rights, imperiously commanded me to intercede with you as I have done."

Diane impatiently awaited the reply of Monseigneur de Canilhac. The Governor of the province of Auvergne appeared undecided, embarrassed.

"Mademoiselle," he said at length, "I plainly recognize the fact that throughout this affair Monseigneur de la Tremblais has acted in haughty and culpable contempt of the royal authority. I admit that his conduct is neither that of a loyal subject nor of a brave gentleman. The fate of the Chevalier Sforzi deeply affects me; but, unfortunately, it is hardly possible for me to counteract the designs of the marquis and save Monsieur de Sforzi! Do not judge me without hearing me, mademoiselle, I am going—such is the sincere and great esteem with which you have inspired me—to speak to you with perfect frankness. The high position which I occupy does not in reality give me—very far from it—the power which ought to attach to it. I am obliged, therefore, to avoid carefully all occasion for laying bare, and so destroying, the last and feeble prestige which surrounds my authority. Now, to enter upon an open struggle with the Marquis de la Tremblais would be to expose myself to certain failure. Ought I, mademoiselle, for the purpose of defending an obscure and unknown man, compromise so gravely the king's interests? I leave the question to your judgment?"

"Yes, monseigneur, you ought!" cried Diane. "Better a thousand times to risk your authority than lose your honor! What right have you to enjoy the privileges and prerogatives belonging to nobility if you do not fulfil the obligations and duties imposed on you by your birth and station? 'Do what should be done, come what may,' says our motto. Now, to allow the chevalier to be assassinated without attempting to defend him is to partake the shame of the crime—to become the accomplice of the marquis!"

At these words, pronounced by Diane with generous enthusiasm, the Marquis de Canilhac knit his brows and remained silent. De Maurevert, who, so far, had held aloof from the conversation, judged the moment opportune for taking his share in it.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am quite of Monsieur de Canilhac's way of thinking; to compromise the authority held by him from the king would be to render himself guilty of *lèse-majesté*. You are wrong to insist."

At this timely and wholly unlooked-for approbation, Monsieur de Canilhac turned towards the captain, and smiled on him agreeably.

"Monseigneur," continued De Maurevert, "will it please you to accord me, now that this discussion is finished, the moment's attention you were good enough to promise me?"

"With pleasure, captain," replied the governor, readily, delighted at the diversion which extricated him from the reproaches of Diane.

"Monsieur de Canilhac," the captain went on, "you see before you a man stung with remorse—a scoundrel on the eve of committing an abominable action!"

"Of whom are you speaking, captain?"

"Of your very humble servant, Captain de Maurevert, monseigneur."

"Pray explain yourself, monsieur!"

"Alas! monseigneur, this explanation will cover me with shame! I have hardly courage to expose my infamy—but I will try. You are aware, monseigneur, that I am at the head of the League of Equity; but you are altogether ignorant of my future projects, of my secret hopes. Now, monseigneur, I must humbly confess that these projects and hopes are terribly hostile towards you. My intention is—and, I need hardly say, that unless I were well assured of success I should not now make such an admission and put you on your guard—my intention is, I say, to lay siege to your place of residence, the city of Clermont."

"To take the city of Clermont!" repeated the marquis, in a tone of astonishment, mingled with alarm. "Are you mad, captain?"

"Monseigneur, if you interrupt me at every sentence I shall never have done. Will you suffer me to proceed in my own way? I am very methodical in what I say, and dislike to be interrupted. I go on: The League of Equity, monseigneur, at this moment bears no sort of resemblance to what it was at its foundation. Not only have I drilled these clodhoppers in the use of arms and in military discipline, but I have, moreover, contracted numerous alliances with the smaller nobility of the province. An isolated clodpole is nothing, two clodpoles leagued together begin to count for something,

and five hundred clodpoles, bound together by a common interest, form unquestionably a power. Now, the poor gentlemen who have rallied to my flag already exceed a thousand in number. You will admit, monseigneur, I think, that a thousand cavaliers, properly armed and mounted, count for at least as much as the three hundred cuirassiers at your disposal. There, then, is your cavalry annulled by mine! As for the foot soldiers, you have scarcely five hundred pikemen, ill-paid and ill-fed; and, to sum them up, not very much to be feared. My peasants amount to the very respectable number of three thousand. Now, in good faith, I will ask you whether you think six of my mountaineers are not equal to one of your pikemen? Between us, then, monseigneur—I put the case with extreme modesty—there exists an equality of strength; but now I have to submit to you a scruple which greatly troubles my conscience. I ask you whether it is proper for Monsieur de Maurevert, a gentleman of good ability, as all know, to mix himself up in the affairs of peasants and clodpoles? If my mountaineers had revolted under an honest pretext of religion or politics, I might have seen my way on a pinch; but no, the peasants have taken up arms in the name of Equity, and their avowed purpose is to destroy the privileges of the noblesse. That, I repeat, troubles my conscience, and I should not be sorry, monseigneur, to learn your opinion on this delicate subject."

"My opinion," replied Monseigneur de Canilhac coldly, "must already be known to you. Remembering that I represent the royal authority in the province of Auvergne, you cannot be in any doubt as to what my view of this rebellion must be."

"But, Monseigneur," said De Maurevert, "the moment you seriously act as the governor of this province I withdraw the approbation I gave just now to your refusal to aid the Chevalier Sforzi. If you are his majesty's representative, you can no more support the disobedience of the great than the rebellion of the small. Come, Monseigneur de Canilhac, let us throw our cards down upon the table face upwards. You find yourself placed between the anvil and the hammer. Will you allow me to extricate you from this unpleasant position? Help me to save the Chevalier Sforzi, and I will rid you of the League of Equity."

"Explain yourself more clearly, captain," said the governor, somewhat eagerly.

"With pleasure, monseigneur, and without preface. A thousand crowns down, your co-operation to save the life of the Chevalier Sforzi, and a letter stating that, in placing myself at the head of the League of Equity, I only had in view the interests of his majesty; and, on these conditions, I undertake to make such dispositions that it will be the easiest thing in the world for you to cut my clodpoles to pieces."

"Captain de Maurevert," replied Monseigneur de Canilhac, "I will be as frank with you as you have been with me. Your proposition gives me the greatest satisfaction. To two of your conditions I will subscribe with all my heart—that is to say, I will give you the letter and the thousand crowns—but as to taking part against the Marquis de la Tremblais, I cannot. Oh, do not imagine for a moment, captain, that I either love or esteem the marquis; quite the contrary. For a long time his arrogance has weighed heavily upon me; and if I were able to crush him, you should see with what pleasure I would do it."

"Death, monseigneur! If such are your feelings, it is impossible that we should not come to some agreement at last. *Parbleu!*—a mode occurs to me for putting us in accord at once."

"What is it, captain?"

"The simplest! Absent yourself for a few days from Clermont, and leave me in charge of the forces. I hasten to add, that if I fail in my attempt I here at once authorize you to disavow me on your return, and to declare against me with all your might, for what I give you free permission to call my felony and treason."

"Certainly," replied Monseigneur de Canilhac, after reflecting, "this method strikes me as being very ingenious; but it presents a great difficulty."

"So much the better, monseigneur! Every difficulty is for me a subject of triumph."

"Who will guarantee to me the faithful fulfilment of your promises, captain? Who can assure me that you are not laying a trap for me at this moment?"

"Ah, monseigneur, this suspicion shatters all my esteem for you! Monseigneur, if there is one thing universally notorious, it is the respect which I profess for my word. Everybody knows that Captain de Maurevert, culpable as he may have been in some regards, has never failed in his engagements. If the peasants had had the wit to bind me to their cause by a categorical and serious promise, the idea of allowing them to be cut to pieces would never have entered my mind; but, instead of being proud of my loyalty, they have preferred to hold me in suspicion. And for that they will be punished. Monseigneur, if you accept my proposals, I engage myself by oath neither to abuse your confidence, nor to make the smallest infraction from the conditions of our treaty."

"Captain," said the Marquis de Canilhac, after a long pause, "you may consider our treaty as almost concluded—it only remains for me to discuss some necessary details with you. For example, and chief of all, in what manner do you propose to yourself to employ the forces which I may place for the moment at your disposal? You cannot, I imagine, entertain so mad an idea as that of besieging the Château de la Tremblais?"

"Ah, monseigneur, is it possible you could en-

ertain so mean an opinion of my judgment? To take such a proceeding without your assent would be to abuse your confidence. Be under no sort of apprehension; I will do nothing that can compromise you, and I will so arrange matters that even in the event of my failing, you shall find an easy and plausible pretext for denouncing me as a worthless rogue, who had taken advantage of your trustfulness. One last question, monseigneur. You must, as part of the duties of your office, have certain means of communication with the interior of the Château de la Tremblais?—these you must place at my command."

"Willingly."

"You must also help me to find a means of preventing the Marquis de la Tremblais hanging my friend, the chevalier, in the interior of the château."

"You, who are ordinarily so fertile in expedients, are slow of imagination to-day, captain!"

"As how, monseigneur?"

"The means you seek are ready to your hands. The Seigneur de la Tremblais is proud and disdainful; you only need to excite his pride to obtain the result you require."

"By my faith, monseigneur, I am still at fault!" cried De Maurevert, putting on a look of perplexity.

"I will cause the marquis to be informed this very day that the lower nobility of the province are greatly excited on the subject of the Chevalier Sforzi's execution, and invite him—under pretext of being alarmed for his safety—to have this execution performed within the walls of his château, in secret; and you may be certain that La Tremblais will instantly determine to make the execution as public and striking as possible. He is even capable of specially inviting both the nobility and commonalty, to prove how much he places himself above public opinion!"

"By the caduceus of the gentle god Mercury!" exclaimed De Maurevert, with admiration, "if you were not governor of the province, monseigneur, you would be worthy to be an adventurer! An excellent *ruse*! But I will not longer encroach on your leisure. I will do myself the honor to call upon you to-night, at Clermont. Will you be good enough to send me a safe-conduct?"

"Here is a ring which serves me for a seal," said the marquis. "That will be sufficient for you."

The governor then took leave of Diane, and only retired from the spot after—striking condescension!—having embraced the captain.

"You see, mademoiselle," said the latter, "there are ways of dealing with everybody. You have only to work on men through their interests. I saw the moment when, with your appeals to sentiments of honor, duty, and loyalty, you were leading the conversation directly to the hanging of poor Raoul. Now, all goes well. We are on the eve of a solution of our troubles!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGER.

On the third day after that on which De Maurevert had sacrificed the League of Equity to save the Chevalier Sforzi, a great gathering of the neighboring nobility filled the reception hall of the Château de la Tremblais.

The marquis, with knit brows, arms crossed upon his chest, and sombre and absorbed bearing, paced the room silently in the midst of the assemblage, without deigning to take notice of the presence of his numerous visitors. In his angrily-clenched hand he crumpled two letters he had recently received. One of these letters—already known to the reader—was from Captain de Maurevert: the other bore the signature of Monseigneur de Canilhac. In fulfilment of the promise given to his new ally, the Governor of the province of Auvergne had notified to the Marquis de la Tremblais that the announced execution of the Chevalier Sforzi was producing a detestable effect on the noblesse of the surrounding country, and counselled him to employ the greatest prudence and secrecy in consummating his vengeance.

Suddenly stopping, the marquis roughly addressed himself to a group of gentlemen:

"*Parbleu*, gentlemen!" he said in a bantering tone, "there is no need to put yourselves to any further inconvenience by talking in whispers. Speak out—I know the subject of your conversation!"

This insolent address caused painful astonishment to the gentlemen who heard it. Some of them, used as they were to the speaker's arrogance, felt that he had this time gone beyond all bearable limits.

"Monsieur le Marquis," replied one of the gentlemen, "one might rather suppose you were speaking as a judge to criminals, than as a gentleman speaking to his equals!"

"You have hit upon the right word, monsieur—criminals!" interrupted the marquis, fiercely. "Death! I am not to be deceived by your airs of astonishment and hypocritical looks! Give over your contemptible mumming! Have at least the courage of your infamy!"

"Monsieur le Marquis!"

"Silence! interrupt me at your peril! You want to have an explanation? You shall have it. So, so, my good neighbors! my loyal and faithful allies! you did not expect to find the lion on his guard? You hoped to fall upon him in his sleep? You are strangely mistaken, gentlemen, and may well look so pale and ill at ease. I would lay a wager that at this moment, so thoroughly are you all taken aback, not one

of you remembers the motive with which he did the honor to pay me this visit! I will tell you what it was. You meditated interfering with the course of my justice; you hoped to save a wretch imprisoned in the dungeons of my château. Now, what particular interest have you in this vagabond, that, in his cause, you venture to risk drawing down my anger upon yourselves?"

"Monsieur le Marquis, your unjust reproaches."

"Silence, I say again! My good gentlemen, my excellent neighbors, so much dissimulation is wholly thrown away. Thanks to my power, I am too much above fear to stoop to lying! I have no need to employ the darkness of night in carrying out my designs—I act always in the full light of day! Hallo, Benoist! Let the vagabond Sforzi be brought here; I wish to question him before these friends of his, and pronounce sentence on him in their hearing!"

On receiving this order from his master, a hideous smile overspread the features of the Chief of the Apostles, who hurried from the room.

"Monsieur le Marquis," then said one of the visitors, "you have as much surprised as affronted us by your strange reception. It is necessary that there should be an immediate explanation between us. Do not forget, marquis, that, as well as yourself, we are gentlemen."

The Seigneur de la Tremblais gave vent to a mocking laugh.

"Be content, gentlemen, with my clemency, and do not risk, by imprudences and clumsy explanations, rousing my anger, which, up to the present time, I have been able to keep under control."

At this insolent response the gentlemen remained silent; they saw that to provoke the marquis in his own château was to incur certain destruction. It was plain enough, however, by the paleness of their faces, their fiery looks, and the trembling of their limbs under the influence of suppressed fury, that they only submitted to this outrage with thoughts of future vengeance.

During the five minutes which followed this scene a dull and lugubrious silence reigned throughout the vast room.

Presently one of the side doors opened, and the Chevalier Sforzi appeared surrounded by guards.

The proud and noble countenance of the unfortunate young man, who, with unquailing looks and head thrown proudly back, advanced with firm steps towards the marquis, fixing on him a fiery and audacious gaze, contrasted so magnificently with the paleness of his face, wasted by suffering, his untrimmed beard, his ragged dress, and his hands bound together by a heavy chain, that involuntarily a murmur of admiration and pity rose from the crowd of gentlemen assembled.

The Marquis de la Tremblais bit his upper lip till the blood started from it; then, affecting a calmness and impassibility to which the quivering of the muscles of his cheeks gave the lie, he slowly mounted the three steps of the dais on which his chair of State was placed, and seated himself. Certain that his prey could not escape him, he purposed enjoying the agony of his victim.

"Accused," he said, "I have decided, in my goodness and justice, before irrevocably pronouncing your sentence, to grant you permission to defend yourself. Let us see whether it is possible for you, by explanation of sincere repentance, to lessen the enormity of your crime. I give you full latitude for what I consent to call your justification. Speak; I am listening."

"Marquis de la Tremblais," replied the young man in a clear and sympathetic voice, "I do not quite understand the object of this criminal parody of justice. The office of the hangman is not to try, but to execute the patient handed to him by the law. The assassin does not converse with his victim, but seizes him by the throat and kills him. Hangman and assassin, why do you pretend to try me?"

"Sforzi, I am your judge," said the marquis, affecting great *sang-froid*, for he perceived that if he allowed his passion to carry him away the advantage of the struggle would rest with the chevalier.

"You a judge!" said Raoul, with bitter mockery. "By my faith, a pleasant pretension! A judge! A wretch who, in time of peace, without aggression, without provocation, without motive, does not hesitate to invade the house of a noble widow—a woman without defence—to murder her servants in their sleep, to pillage her riches, and, to crown his infamy, to murder this defenceless lady herself! A judge who still enjoys the bloody gains of his crime, who, not content with—exploit worthy of his courage—murdering the mother, steals the daughter's inheritance! Ah, marquis, your monstrous impudence inspires me almost with pity, for it makes me doubt whether you must not be out of your mind."

The marquis must have been well assured of his vengeance to have borne as he did the audacious indignation of this language. Determined not to swerve from the part he had arranged with himself to play, he preserved a perfectly unmoved appearance.

"Sforzi," he replied, "my impartiality induces me to observe, in your interest, that your transports and insults can only aggravate the gravity of your position. A man supported by innocence expresses himself with thoughtfulness and dignity. You have not appreciated my conduct. Your part—and it was already sufficiently difficult without being further complicated—was to endeavour to lessen your guilt, and to answer the crime imputed to you. I accuse you, Sforzi, of having taken part with the Dame d'Erlanges,

my rebellious vassal; with having sustained by force of arms the rebellion of the said lady, and of having assisted in the massacre of my servants."

"What is the use of this ridiculous scene, De la Tremblais?" demanded Raoul. Would it not be simpler to settle the question by saying: "Chevalier Sforzi, you inflicted on me a deadly injury, and my sword remained in its sheath; I cannot forgive either my own cowardice or my dishonor! By treason I have got you into my power—you shall die!" This language, De la Tremblais, might in some degree ennoble the crime you meditate; for impudence pushed so far becomes a sort of courage! But no; you prefer to this striking justice a false and hypocritical show of legality! Marquis de la Tremblais, I put it to the loyalty of the gentlemen here present, to say whether your conduct presents the shadow of an excuse. Come, gentlemen!" he added, casting a rapid glance at the assembled gentlemen, "which of you agrees with the Marquis de la Tremblais?"

The gentlemen one and all bowed their heads and remained silent.

"You see, marquis," cried Raoul, "your friends, or accomplices—for if these men had been honest they would long ago have taken sword in hand and come to my rescue—your accomplices themselves shrink from the responsibility of your infamy!"

"Sforzi!" muttered the marquis, hoarsely; "for the last time, I repeat, you have not to occupy yourself with my conduct, but only to defend yourself from the terrible charge of rebellion which weighs upon you."

The young man paused for a moment, and then, in a tone no longer ironical or indignant, but full of nobility and dignity, replied:

"So be it, marquis. I consent to enter into the explanations you solicit, not that I desire to exculpate myself—I seek only to show how abominable your conduct towards the Dame d'Erlanges has been, and to make all the gentlemen here present participants in your crime. You talk of rebellion, marquis. In what respect, I pray, was the Dame d'Erlanges under suzerainship? The châtelines have never owed faith and homage to the Seigneurs de la Tremblais; but an old feudal custom, as the Dame d'Erlanges told me, imposed on their fortified house a tax of ten measures of corn to the marquise of La Tremblais. Supposing this tax to have been left unpaid, and to have been demanded by you and refused by the châteline of Taube, was there not the Feudal Court to pronounce on your demand and its refusal? A judgment would have established your position, as well as that of the Dame d'Erlanges? You must be blinded by your pride to venture to talk of rebellion! I know but of two sorts—rebellion against the law, and rebellion against the commands of his Majesty, Henry III. of France. Beyond this, there may be disputes between the weak and the strong, the commoner and the gentleman, the tenant and the landlord—nothing else. In these cases the law speak as the sovereign, and justice follows in its steps."

"A last word, marquis. In entering upon this long explication, I have sought to prove that nothing, absolutely nothing, could justify the murder of the Dame d'Erlanges, the massacre of her servants, and the spoliation of her domain. Therefore I, the Chevalier Raoul Sforzi, noble by birth, a gentleman as you are, a subject and officer of the King of France, your equal in all respects, declare, with my hand upon my heart, in the name of my honor, that you, Marquis de la Tremblais, have been a coward, a scoundrel, an assassin, and a thief; I declare that every man—noble or commoner—who shall support you, or countenance your conduct, will be a coward, a scoundrel, an assassin, and a thief; that in attacking my person you render yourself guilty of *lèse-majesté*; and, finally I declare that you have outrageously offended against the laws of honor, since, having been struck full in the face by me, I repeat, your sword rested in its sheath!"

The gentlemen looked at each other with an air of mingled shame and indignation. It was evident that the odious conduct of the marquis, and the courage displayed by Raoul, inclined them to oppose by force the accomplishment of the new crime meditated by the Seigneur de la Tremblais.

Such was the fury of the latter that for nearly a minute he was unable to utter a single word. The threatening looks of his visitors goaded him to instant action. By a sign he called to him the Chief of the Apostles, and, after giving some order to him in a low voice, turned and addressed the chevalier.

"Sforzi," he said, "you must have observed, by my patience, how much I desired to see you justify yourself. Your indescribable insolence makes it impossible for me to listen to you any further. I intend to use the same rights and prerogatives that were possessed by my ancestors. Tribunals and parliament were not made for the Seigneurs de la Tremblais. From time immemorial the right of execution has belonged to my marquise; and this right shall not die out in my hands. Therefore, Sforzi, satisfied of your rebellion against my authority and of your outrage against my person, I condemn you to be exposed on the pillory, flogged with a rod, and then hanged upon a gallows. That nobody may remain in ignorance of my justice, the execution will take place in the public market-place of Besse, the chief town in my jurisdiction. This very day the sentence pronounced against you will be published throughout the extent of my domain, by sound of trumpet, and to-morrow at dawn it will be carried into execution!"

The marquis was still speaking when a threatening murmur, accompanied with the clanking of swords, was heard in the room. Ashamed of their inaction, the gentlemen present had at length determined to espouse the chevalier's cause.

A sardonic smile played about the lips of the Marquis de la Tremblais. He rose from his chair, and, in an imperious tone of voice, called out:

"Open those doors! These gentlemen appear to be growing somewhat overheated. A little cool air will do them good!"

No sooner were the doors thrown open than the gentlemen perceived a hundred soldiers armed to the teeth, and apparently awaiting a signal from their master. The half-drawn swords returned to their scabbards, and the threatening murmurs ceased.

"Ah!" said the marquis, with a mocking smile, "it must be admitted that the customs of our ancestors were extremely good customs. If I had been obliged to address myself to a Feudal Court, or present a petition to Parliament, to keep myself from being assailed by you, my very dear neighbors, I should, in all probability, have been a dead man at this moment. Gentlemen, I will not detain you any longer. I hope that, recovered from your momentary error, you will plainly see how good a reason I have for punishing this Sforzi, and that you will not entertain any angry feeling towards me for inflicting on him so well-deserved a chastisement."

"So, monsieur," cried Raoul, "the order which you have given, to assassinate me, is serious, irrevocable?"

"Serious and irrevocable, Monsieur Sforzi."

"And you imagine, marquis, that a gentleman will submit to the dignity of the pillory, the scourge, and the gibbet?"

"In the first place, Monsieur Sforzi, nothing proves to me that you are a gentleman; and, further—I confess—I am curious to know in what manner you think it possible to escape my justice?"

"In what manner, wretch? See!"

Quicker than thought, the chevalier hurled aside the guards who surrounded him, and with a furious bound, sprang head-foremost towards one of the pillars which supported the massive mantelpiece of one of the two chimneys in the room; but, alas! the cords by which his legs were bound together stopped him in the midst of his course, and he fell heavily on the floor.

"Take him back to his dungeon, and until to-morrow morning let him not be out of sight for one moment," said the marquis, coolly.

CHAPTER XXII.

PRELIMINARIES OF DEATH.

It was five o'clock in the morning. The dull grey light of a bleak and dusky dawn, not unlike the twilight of a winter's night, imperfectly lit the dungeon of the Chevalier Sforzi. The young man, resting against the wall, with his arms hanging by his sides and his head drooped upon his chest, lay sunk in feverish sleep. On either side of him stood, stiff and motionless as a statue, one of the men-at-arms of the Marquis de la Tremblais. The air of unconcern of these two guardians proved how familiar they were with scenes of blood and misery.

Suddenly the door of the dungeon grated on its hinges, and Benoist entered the sombre and lugubrious cell.

The Chief of the Apostles had exchanged the hunting dress he usually wore for a fancy costume of terrible significance. He was now attired in scarlet serge from head to foot, and it was impossible to mistake him for any other than the executioner.

"You may retire, companions," he said, addressing the men-at-arms. "Your watch is ended—my duties begin."

After the departure of the two guards, the Chief of the Apostles advanced to the young man, and placing himself in front of him, examined his features with close and sustained attention. His face expressed rather the terror of a criminal than triumphal delight.

"Beyond all doubt," he muttered to himself, "this young man possesses unconquerable bravery and courage. His conduct has been glorious and loyal, and yet he is about to die, the victim of a frightful injustice, an odious vengeance! Yet, in spite of the calmness of his conscience, his last sleep has been troubled by terrible dreams. He struggles against his position; he cannot submit to his fate. When he wakes he will most likely find in his pride the strength to appear resigned; but I, who have detected the secrets of his sleep, shall not be duped. Oh! if an innocent and brave man is so agitated before the moment of his end, what must a guilty one be? That thought terrifies and unmans me. I see myself at my last hour, abandoned by all, hated by all, alone with the recollection of my offences. Ah! if all the people who tremble in my presence but knew the terror and despair that prey upon my soul, instead of fearing, they would pity me. But now I am too far gone in crime to retrace my steps. Courage!"

He several times passed his hands over his eyes! then, bending down, struck the chevalier on the shoulder.

"Hollo, monsieur!" he cried—"get up. You are waited for."

The young man, rudely startled from sleep, could not forbear making a gesture of surprise, and almost of alarm, at sight of the Chief of the Apostles.

"I was a fool," said Benoist to himself, "to take such pity on myself. It is fear alone, and

not remorse, that prostrates a man at his last hour; and fear overcomes the innocent and guilty alike."

The emotion caused to the chevalier by the sight of the Chief of the Apostles scarcely lasted two seconds. He then looked coolly at his lugubrious visitor, and, in a calm and assured tone, remarked:

"Your costume, Maître Benoist, tells me the object of your presence. The marquis does things grandly! he loses no means of rendering the execution of his crime effective. If I am to follow you, lead on!"

"Chevalier," replied Benoist, "you have still one hour to live."

"Then why did you wake me?"

The Chief of the Apostles hesitated.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," he said at length, with an air of embarrassment, "I thought it would be agreeable to you to be warned a little before-hand. Men condemned to death have ordinarily arrangements to make. Have you nothing to bequeath—no remembrances to send—to your family?"

"My family!" repeated the young man sadly. "Alas! I have none."

"But, mademoiselle?"

The chevalier started.

"Silence, wretch!" he exclaimed, in an imperious tone. "Let not the name of her I love pass your lips. Ah, I understand—you perform an execrable mission. You are commanded by the marquis to darken my last moments and weaken my courage; you will fail in your project, Benoist. I have commended my soul to heaven, where I shall meet again her from whom I have been torn on earth."

"Monsieur Sforzi," replied the Chief of the Apostles, after a short silence, "when you were conducted to prison, a belt was found upon you filled with gold pieces. Do you not wish to dispose of this money, which has been placed in the hands of the marquis?"

"Let your master keep it—theft and murder go well together."

"My master is too magnificent and too glorious to profit by your spoils. I am quite sure that at your request he will immediately remit this money to whomsoever you direct."

"And you desire to be that person?"

"Well, chevalier, I will not deny that such generosity would purchase, not only my gratitude and esteem, but all my best attention and respect. It is I who am charged with your execution. Now, in that there is one detail of which, perhaps, you are ignorant. I will not conceal from you that there are many ways of hanging a man—the cord may be more or less well fastened, he may be more or less roughly swung into the air. I am known throughout the province for my experience as a hangman; I know how to render it with the subject confided to my hands, either ridiculous, piteous, or sublime—to prolong his sufferings or to curtail his agony. Be assured that, in spite of the calumnies spread abroad concerning me, I am highly accessible to the feeling of gratitude. For example, if you will bequeath to me your belt-full of golden crowns, I will place the knot in such a manner that you will die as instantly as if you had been struck dead by a thunderbolt. It is the interest solely which I feel for you which induces me to enter into these explanations. I quite admit, between us, that your condemnation is not the most regular, and that your crime is not so monstrous as my master affects to think it. I should be sorry, therefore, knowing you to be half innocent, that any parsimony on your part should compel me to act with severity towards you."

"Like master, like servant," muttered Sforzi, with disgust. "So be it, Maître Benoist; I consent to accept you for my inheritor."

"Ah, Monsieur le Chevalier, the recollection of your goodness and munificence will live eternally in my memory."

"I put one condition, however, on my generosity," continued the unfortunate young man. "What is the condition?"

"That you procure for me proper linen and habiliments. My dress, horribly torn during the assault on Tauve, is quite unworthy of the charming assembly convoked by your master to be present at my death. I must do honor to my host."

"Be sure, Monsieur le Chevalier, that the marquis will be deeply touched by this delicacy on your part. I hasten to fetch you all that you demand."

"One word more, good and excellent Benoist."

"I am at your orders, monsieur."

"You will have to expend out of my heritage a certain sum, which I shall name, for masses to be said for my soul."

A shadow passed over the apostle's features; but, after a moment's reflection, he said:

"With whom do you wish to arrange for these masses to be performed?"

"To whom can I address myself in my dungeon but yourself, Maître Benoist?"

"I accept the duty with pleasure," replied the Chief of the Apostles, the shadow entirely disappearing from his face.

Scarcely ten minutes had passed since the completion of this hideous bargain before Benoist returned to his patient.

"Here, Monsieur le Chevalier," he said, placing a bundle on the floor, "I have conscientiously fulfilled my engagement. Magnificent linen—clothes almost new! Ah! I had almost forgotten. Will you, first, be so good as to take the trouble to draw up a paper—your last will and testament? I have brought writing materials."

In spite of the irons attached to his wrists, the chevalier contrived to write in tolerably legible characters the desired will.

"Now, Monsieur le Chevalier," Benoist went on, "let us proceed with your toilette. Will you do me the honor to accept my services as valet?"

The chevalier rose, and the Chief of the Apostles, after having taken from the bundle he had brought with him a perfectly white shirt, assisted Sforzi to take off his tattered and dirty garments.

Suddenly the apostle turned pale, and addressed his victim in a trembling voice:

"Monsieur le Chevalier," he said, "you bear, just above the heart, the scar of a dangerous wound. I could never have believed that any one so struck could have lived. How long is it since you were so cruelly wounded?"

"In my earliest youth."

"Ah!—In what country?"

"Here—in Auvergne."

The Chief of the Apostles started and let fall the vestment he was holding ready to place on the chevalier's shoulder.

"Monsieur," he cried, "one more question."

"Leave me in peace. I desire to spend the last few minutes of my life in contemplation and prayer."

"You are wrong to refuse to satisfy my curiosity," continued Benoist. "I do not think I am mistaken in believing that up to the present time the secret of your birth has remained a mystery to you. Well, I was on the point of raising the veil which shrouds your past history."

These words awakened Raoul's whole attention.

"What do you say?" he cried.

"I say, Monsieur Sforzi, that such a scar as you bear is too remarkable to be found in two persons, and is a revelation to me. I know well that at the moment of being hung people generally care little about the alliances they may be quitting on earth; but, on the other hand, I have seen condemned men absorbed in the affairs of their family up to the last moment of their lives."

"Have you known my family, Benoist?"

"I believe so, monsieur. I beg your pardon, I mean chevalier."

"Explain yourself!" cried Sforzi, eagerly, almost forgetful of the horror of his situation.

"It was here, in Auvergne, that you were wounded, you say? How many years ago?"

"Twenty-two."

"The time is exactly right. By whom were you saved?"

"By a troop of free-lances."

"A troop of free-lances did pass through the province of Auvergne at that period. Where did they find you?"

"In a wood. I was, as I have been told, bathed in blood, and no longer gave any sign of life. They thought me dead, and it was only by a miracle of Providence that I could have been saved."

As the unfortunate young man continued to speak, the pallor which had overspread the face of the Chief of the Apostles at the commencement of the conversation augmented in intensity, and by the time Raoul had finished speaking, Benoist had become perfectly livid.

"It is he!" thought the ruffian "and yet I struck with a firm hand and pitilessly! My poignard pierced him up to the hilt! No! my senses are bewildered; I am under the influence of some shameful and puerile weakness! That must be it. This scar, by calling to my memory the scene of the murder, must have unsettled my reason. The child must have died! and the dead never come back from their graves! Yet—this wound, the troop of free-lances, the date of the event, twenty-two years ago! It is he!"

With haggard eyes, and features distorted by terror, Benoist rapidly parted the heavy locks which partly hid the chevalier's face, and gazed at him with ardent curiosity.

"Oh, no!" he went on thinking; "doubt is impossible! How is it I have not sooner observed this likeness to monseigneur? Yes, yes, it is he! What is to be done? Inform the marquis? He would not forgive me the crime of the past. Even supposing he pardoned me—would he allow me to possess a secret dishonoring the memory of his father? No; certainly he would not. He would make sure of my discretion by my death. He acts on the maxim that the dead alone know how to hold their tongues. Besides, how do I know that this revelation would be agreeable to him? The contrary is much more likely, for such a revelation would interfere with his vengeance, and leave unpunished the affront he has sustained. Curse my curiosity! Better to hang the chevalier than to be stabbed or pistolled myself. The cord will complete the work I left unfinished two and twenty years ago. Yes, Sforzi must die!"

While all these confused thoughts were passing through the mind of the Chief of the Apostles, Raoul was clinging with all the energy of his soul to the hope which was dawning upon his mind. If, he argued, it were made manifest that he belonged to a powerful and illustrious family, the marquis would shrink from the accomplishment of his work of death; and he, Raoul, might still escape in safety from the terrible extremity to which he saw himself reduced. It was with painful anxiety, therefore, he further questioned the executioner.

"Well, Benoist?" he demanded in an agitated tone.

"Well," replied the Chief of the Apostles, bowing his head and speaking almost savagely, "I find I was mistaken; you could not be the person I was thinking of. Come; your time is up."

"A little complaisance and courage—the sooner all is over, the better for you. There!

you are now dressed," he added, tying round the chevalier's neck the sleeves of the pourpoint, which the iron on his wrists would not allow to be put on properly over his arms. "I assure you you look charmingly; the women will faint quite comfortably on seeing you. Your execution will be a real triumph for you!"

At that moment the lugubrious sound of the passing bell penetrated the dungeon.

"Will you follow me, Monsieur Sforzi?" said Benoist, coolly; "you are being called."

Sforzi knelt, and for five minutes prayed fervently. He then rose, and his features bore scarcely any trace of emotion; his lips alone gently moved, pronouncing the name of Diane.

"Lead on," he said to Benoist.

The victim and the executioner passed from the dungeon together.

(To be continued.)

DESMORO ;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES FROM THE LUMBER ROOM," THE "HUMMING-BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

Madame Volderbond was transfixed with terror when she was informed that her late husband's remains were about to be exhumed, and an inquest held on them, there being a suspicion that he had not died a natural death.

It was Doctor Durgan himself who made this startling announcement to Olympia, who received it with white cheeks and shifting eyes, and many other guilt-showing demonstrations which she could not hide.

She said she was surprised and distressed to hear that her poor dead husband was not suffered to remain in his grave in peace. How did they imagine he had died? Did he not have a long fit of illness, and did not sick people die? The captain was an old man; and as such, it was the most natural thing in the world that he should take his leave of life. Of course it was very unpleasant and painful for her to think that his body was to be disturbed about such nonsensical rubbish as it pleased a set of idle persons to circulate. Would gold have any power to put a stop to such disgraceful proceedings? If so, she would willingly give Dr. Durgan a thousand pounds to keep Captain Volderbond's vault still closed upon him.

The listener shook his head. Olympia's eager words and scared looks had confirmed his worst suspicions; and she who had once appeared to him lovely and pure as an angel now looked ugly and hideously deformed.

"You don't speak, Dr. Durgan," proceeded she, anxiously, and rapidly changing color. "Can't you contrive to keep the poor old man in his grave? It's scandalous, that it is, that I, his wife, can't prevent you meddling with him! I wish magistrates, and such like pitying people would just mind their own business and let mine alone! Dr. Durgan, I will give you a cheque for a thousand pounds this very instant, if you will promise to manage this affair for me. Of course, you can swear that the captain died of the cholera, or of fever, or of any other disease. I'll confirm your statement, whatsoever such may be! Do you hear me, doctor? Answer me—oh, answer me!"

"I am a powerless individual in this matter, madame," he rejoined, stiffly; "and even were I otherwise, I should refuse to listen to you. The affair is in the hands of the law, and justice will dispose of it."

Olympia looked at the speaker, and her white face grew whiter and whiter. But she struggled with her terrors, and endeavored to overcome them.

Her companion was marking all the changes of her countenance, and he was drawing his own conclusions from what he saw.

Madame Volderbond was wishing that she could fly—fly far away. But whither could she fly to? There was no possible escape for her; she was hemmed in on all sides.

She fixed her lustrous orbs on the doctor's stern face, and, filling her voice with all its melting tones, once more addressed him.

"Doctor, this affair will rouse the tongue of scandal against me, and fairly break my heart! Oh, let me persuade you to stand my friend at this moment! I know that your influence could do much—could do all that I wish! Do you really think that he was poisoned?" she asked, abruptly.

"I am almost certain of the fact, madame!"

"How horrible!" she exclaimed with a well-simulated shudder. "But who could have administered anything injurious to him?" she added, in a tone of assumed innocence, her own guilty soul quailing as she spoke.

He shook his head, and rose to depart. He was now convinced that Captain Volderbond had died by unfair means, and that Olympia was the traitress who had quenched the old man's life.

Doctor Durgan, who hated to look upon her now, turned loathingly away. She held out her hand to him, but he avoided its touch, as if such had been venom-charged; and reaching the door, hastily bowed himself out of the room, never once pausing until he was in the road, mounted on his horse, galloping away.

As the room door closed behind the medico, Olympia clenched her fingers, flung up her arms, and uttered a terrible cry.

She felt that she had been acting awkwardly in the doctor's presence—that her conduct had been that of a guilty woman, and that he could not have failed to observe all her trepidation and all her fears.

The doctor's errand had taken Olympia by surprise; hence the confusion and unguardedness of her behavior to him.

Olympia was a base woman, but she was far from being a clever one, else she would never have betrayed herself as she had done to Doctor Durgan. Too late she saw her folly—too late she repented of all she had done. Yet could she have laid her wicked hands upon the harmless medico she would not have hesitated in sending him after poor Captain Volderbond.

She sat down to think. She saw the dangers of her position, and she was wondering how she could avoid those dangers—whether she could make another suffer for the awful crime she had herself committed.

She had already darkly sinned in order to gain wealth and freedom from her marriage bonds, and she was prepared to sin still further. She had no real love for any mortal creature: she cared only for her own wicked self.

Suddenly she started; an evil thought had just flashed across her mind. Should she accuse Desmoro of having poisoned her husband—should she throw the crime on his shoulders? She did not exactly understand how she was to do so, but she had no doubt but that she would soon be able to weave a subtle scheme for his destruction.

That day, Olympia did not visit the garden, and Desmoro waited for her in vain. Madame Volderbond was in her chamber, brooding gloomily.

Meanwhile, justice was making her solemn inquiries into the cause of Captain Volderbond's death; quantities of arsenic were discovered in his body, and there now existed no doubt whatever that he had been the victim of unscrupulous hands.

Suspicion pointed to Madame Volderbond—the beautiful Olympia.

Doctor Durgan who was privately examined concerning the revolting case, frankly stated all he knew about it, and also narrated the particulars of his late scene with the lovely widow, whom he believed to be a woman full of cruelty and wickedness.

Desmoro was amazed to receive a summons from Madame Volderbond to attend her under her own roof. It was the first time she had ever requested his presence there, and he felt there was some meaning in the act, and his senses grew confused, and somewhat troubled as well.

At this time he was completely under the spell of her beauty, and he felt ready to lay down his very life for her. She had fascinated him as many another evil woman had fascinated men, and he was not strong enough to resist her charming powers, which powers she was now about to test in full upon him.

She received him with a saddened air. Desmoro thought she had been weeping.

"Are you ill, madame?" he asked, anxiously. He had never yet had the courage to address her as Olympia.

She did not answer him, but mutely beckoned him to her side.

"Desmoro," she said, after a pause of some few seconds, and looking steadily into his eyes,—"Desmoro, I know that you love me; do you think that you will ever learn to hate me, and curse my very name?"

"Hate you, madame! Curse your name! Oh, never, never!" he cried earnestly.

"Be not too sure of that," she added, leaning her cheek upon her hand, her accents irresistibly sweet and touching. "Can you guess how deeply and fondly I love you?"

He did not answer her: his breast was thrilling with emotion; he could only fall upon his knees before her, and, like a worshipful slave, stoop and kiss the hem of her garment. She was a widow, as free now as himself, he reflected; there was no sin in his adoration, since he was at full liberty to receive it.

He was superbly handsome: not even his humble dress could hide the exquisite proportions of his graceful form.

She bent over him, and laid her velvety cheek close to his. Never before had Olympia done thus much to him. But she knew her game, and was striving to win it.

Desmoro muttered some unintelligible words; he was in a state of ecstasy, and knew not how to fully express his feelings. Had he been in a different position from that in which he now stood, his behaviour on the present occasion might probably have been less reserved towards the woman who was thus caressing him.

"Desmoro," whispered she, in a tremulous voice,—"Desmoro, can you surmise what I have done for your sake—in order that I might one day become your wife?"

He looked questioningly.

"Don't look at me, don't look at me!" she agitatedly exclaimed. "Shut your eyes and let me tell you all! But first promise that you will not spurn me—that you will pity and forgive me."

"Pity and forgive?" echoed he. "I cannot comprehend, madame."

"Call me Olympia," breathed she, in his ear.

Bewildered, he did so; calling her by many a loving epithet beside.

"Desmoro, I am about to be degraded," she went on, gradually breaking to him the frightful tale she had to tell.

"Degraded! How?" he asked, somewhat startled, and still on his knees before her.

"It may be worse even than degradation—oh, far, far worse!" proceeded she. "It may be death."

"Olympia!" half shrieked he. "Death?"

"Ay, death, Desmoro!" she answered, solemnly. "Listen," continued she, glancing all around her, and sinking her voice to a whisper. "Captain Volderbond died by my hands; I administered poison to him—"

"Father of heaven!" he cried, suddenly starting to his feet, and shuddering all over. "Olympia, Olympia! recall your fearful words—say that you have not spoken truly!"

"I cannot—I cannot!" she returned, her head bowed upon her breast, her eyes cast upon the ground, as if afraid to raise those eyes. "Don't turn away from me, Desmoro," she pursued. "It was my love for you that led my hand to commit that terrible deed, which has placed my own life in jeopardy."

"Oh, Olympia—Olympia!" he shivered, recoiling from her as he spoke, and wringing his hands in bitter anguish of mind. "No, no; it is impossible. I'll not believe the tale!"

"Cease—cease, I entreat you, and hearken to me yet further. Doctor Durgan has been to inform me that, in consequence of a certain rumor afloat respecting the cause of the Captain's death, his body is to be exhumed, and an inquest held upon it. See, now, the awful predicament in which I am standing. I shall be suspected of the crime, accused, tried, and condemned—condemned to death—to die on a public scaffold!"

"Never, never, Olympia!" Desmoro replied, emphatically. "You shall not perish for me. If they accuse you, I will say that I did the cruel and terrible deed—I will say that I poisoned Captain Volderbond!"

"You, Desmoro!" she broke forth with difficulty concealing her delight at his words.

"Yes; I am already dishonored and branded, and now I have but little desire to live. I will die, if they will it so—I will die in order that I may preserve you, Olympia."

"It cannot be, Desmoro."

"It must be! None but yourself can deny the false statement I shall make. Ha! now I recollect! I was the purchaser of that poison at different times—was I not?"

She bowed her head affirmatively.

"That fact will be quite sufficient to condemn me," he said, with a resigned air.

While he was yet speaking, Olympia's acute ears caught the sound of carriage-wheels, and her guilty conscience told her that the officers of justice were already coming to drag her forth to answer to the law for what she had done.

She started up, went to the window, and looked through it.

"They are here to seize me. Leave me, Desmoro—leave me!"

He hesitated, scarcely knowing how to shape his actions.

He believed that Olympia had endangered the safety of her soul for his sake; and hence he was ready to make a sacrifice of himself, rather than she should suffer the punishment which was her just due. He felt that he was for ever divided from her; and he was reckless of the future, since that future could not be spent by Olympia's side.

He little imagined with what an evanescent feeling she had inspired him, and how quickly he would learn to forget her and her bewitching, wicked smiles. He did not understand that the passion then holding such strong dominion in his bosom was one that a few days' absence would utterly quench. But Desmoro's knowledge of her late relentless act had already shaken his affection for her; for, despite his fallen position, and all his altered feelings, Desmoro still respected honesty and goodness!

"Leave me," repeated Olympia.

Desmoro answered not a word, but withdrew by the door through which he had entered, and remained in the hall, at the portal of which some one was now loudly knocking.

Desmoro hastily disarranged his hair, and putting on his cabbage-tree hat crookedly, opened the wide door to a couple of constables.

"Holloa!" hiccupped Desmoro, assuming a drunken, imbecile manner. "What are you two chaps come here for, eh? Now, I'll wager I know—"

At this instant, the butler appeared on the scene, and, surprised to see the two constables in the hall, wanted to be informed what business had brought them there.

"I'll tell you," said Desmoro in the same manner as before, and staggering up to the butler as he spoke. "They're come here on a fool's errand—ha, ha! They're wanting to find out who poisoned somebody, and I shan't say—ha, ha!"

The butler stared at the speaker, and the two officers of the law exchanged significant glances with each other.

"No, no; I'm not going to tell any tales about myself, you may be sure!" added Desmoro.

And once more the constables looked meaningfully at one another; while the butler scratched his chin in troubled silence, unable to understand how, when, and where the under gardener had managed to get into such a state of terrible inebriation.

"Now, I daresay you fellows think to worm a fine secret out of me; but I can tell you that you'll be woefully mistaken! I shall hold my tongue; for the dead can tell no tales, and the old fellow can't come out of his grave to accuse me!"

"Whatever do you mean?" quaked the amazed butler.

"Ask him no questions," said one of the con-

stables, with an expressive nod. "He's a government man, isn't he?"

"Yes," answered the butler.

"And he's in a state of intoxication?" added the agent of the law.

"Well, so he appears to be," returned the butler in perplexity; "though I cannot comprehend how he's contrived to get in such a condition. He was sober enough half an hour ago, when he went in to talk to Madame—"

"And who says that I am otherwise than sober now, eh?" interrupted Desmoro, reeling up to the domestic, who was a little man, as broad as he was long, and as arrant a coward as ever was born. "Do you dare to say as much, old cork-screw?" continued our hero, doubling up his fists, and squaring up to the butler, who turning at once, retreated behind one of the constables, crying out, "There—you are witnesses that he's threatening me! Seize him—seize him! I give him in charge, the ruffian!"

Desmoro now assumed violent manners, and the constables laid hold of and secured him.

Then the two servants of the law drew apart, and held counsel with one another.

"We've tumbled across the right man," said one to the other. "He sent the old captain out of the world, depend on't! Madame herself had nothing to do with the affair."

"But we have a warrant for her arrest, and we shall have to do our duty, and carry her before the magistrate," replied the other.

"Well, we shall have to do that much, just for form's sake; but we can relax the severity of our orders a little, and let her follow us in her own carriage, for she's an innocent lady, as she'll soon be proved."

"Very well; I'm an older man than yourself, but you're higher in office than I, and in this case you'll take every responsibility."

"Of course—of course; I am fully aware of that fact," replied the sergeant, who now turned to the butler, and requested to see Madame Volderbond for a few moments.

Mystified now more than ever, Mr. Miffles, with a face full of importance, hurried away to inform his mistress that two members of the police force were desirous of holding a few moments' converse with her.

Olympia, who was fully prepared for this announcement, received it with the utmost calmness. She felt safe now, for she was relying on Desmoro, and on what his devotion would lead him to do for her worthless sake.

Of course, Olympia appeared much surprised at the constables' visit; she could not do less, you perceive, but she maintained her self-possession admirably; and when they told her that she must accompany them, in order to answer certain inquiries which the magistrate wished to put to her relative to her late husband's death, she agreed to attend them forthwith; and, ringing for Miffles, ordered her carriage.

Olympia shed some hypocritical tears, and uttered many sorrowful exclamations about her "poor, departed captain;" and the gallant sergeant, impressed with her beauty and his heart softened by the cunning waters of her eyes, drew her aside, and informed her that they had already secured a rascal who had half confessed to having poisoned Captain Volderbond.

Olympia's bosom bounded at this intelligence, and she asked a score of questions, each and all of which she put with the assumed innocence of a child. She was very weary of all her words and looks now; she had schooled herself thoroughly—every inflexion of her voice, every glance of her eye, was studied.

Dressed in her widow's weeds, looking pure and lovely as a flower, Olympia was conducted to the court-house, where she was shown into a private apartment, there to await the time when she would be summoned before the sitting magistrate.

But the sergeant, who was most anxious to spare the lady every annoyance and trouble, had taken the seemingly-intoxicated Desmoro before the bench, and made known to the magistrate all those particulars with which you are already fully acquainted.

At the period of which I am writing, there were many irregularities practised in the law-courts of the colony; and no wonder that such was the case, for both the magistrates and the judges there had much to learn before they could dispense justice properly.

But the colony was in its infancy then; and we do not expect wisdom to emanate from a cradle. And Desmoro stood a confessed criminal—the poisoner of his late master, Carl Volderbond.

He told the magistrate that he was a guilty man; but his statements were all so bewildering that but little credence was placed in them at first.

"You appear to be particularly anxious to place a halter about your neck, young man," said the magistrate, an old man much given to snuff-taking on the sly. "This is really a most extraordinary case—a most extraordinary case, indeed," shaking his head at Desmoro, and secretly conveying to his own nostrils a pinch of tobacco-dust. "But where did you procure the poison, eh?"

"From a chemist's, in Hunter Street," answered Desmoro, without the slightest hesitation.

"Yes, yes; we have here something about arsenic being bought on several occasions at Doctor Neilson's shop, in Hunter-street. A most singular case—a most singular case, indeed."

But wherefore should I further tax the reader's patience by narrating tedious particulars concerning Desmoro's examination and trial. Dr. Neilson proved that poison had been frequently procured at his shop by the prisoner, and that fact, aided by his own willing avowal of guilt, condemned him.

But he was not sentenced to death, as he had expected to be. In consideration of his youth, the judge sent him to a chain-gang for seven long years.

Olympia had escaped. Desmoro had preserved the wretched woman, and sacrificed himself.

Doctor Durgan shook his head and groaned, when he heard the sentence pronounced; for, despite Desmoro's confession, he felt convinced that Madame Volderbond was the guilty one.

CHAPTER XX.

Dressed in that hideous patchwork garb of grey and yellow, with his head closely shaven and his limbs heavily ironed, Desmoro was now herded together with hundreds of fallen men, breaking stones on the highway.

To death—even the death of a malefactor—Desmoro would have submitted in silence and resignation, but he could not do so to the countless horrors of the chain-gang.

Was he to drag those heavy fetters along with him for seven long, weary years?

Oh, no, no!

Desmoro's brain was cooler now: his passion for the wicked Olympia was over entirely, and he was reflecting on her only with loathing and dread, such as she was deserved.

Once, again, he was a victim—a woman's victim, at the present moment. He had suffered his thoughts to sin; and even that offence had brought upon him a severe punishment.

What was before Desmoro now? He was surrounded by a whole host of horrors which, to contemplate, nearly drove him mad.

He lay on his miserable pallet at night, meditating an escape from his bondage. His feet, like his hands, were singularly small; he felt certain that he should be able to work off his leg-irons, could he but find an opportunity of so doing; then, hey for the bush, and a life of reckless, lawless freedom!

One day, while at work on the road, guarded by soldiers, with fixed bayonets, Desmoro pretended to be suddenly seized with a fit of illness, and one of the overseers was called to his side.

"It's the effects of the sun," said the overseer, looking carelessly at Desmoro. "Here, two of you fellows, carry him into the shade for a while. Now, look alive there!"

Accordingly, two of the prisoners lifted Desmoro from the ground, and carried him to, and left him in, a small canvas tent, at a short distance from the spot where the men were engaged at work.

Desmoro was alone. This moment was full of hope and likewise of peril. If he mere discovered in this attempt, a hundred lashes would be his.

After listening for some few seconds, Desmoro began his task. His boots were large, hence it was that the smallness of his feet had never been remarked.

Desmoro threw off the coarse unwieldy boots then he worked and worked, and squeezed and squeezed, until both his feet were liberated from the iron rings.

Now, what was he to do? His heart was beating loudly. He crawled out of the tent unseen, and entered a tenanted house close by. It was ruinous abode, full of all sorts of rubbish.

Desmoro looked up the chimney, but there was no place of concealment for him there. Then he examined a large oven and a water-butt, but rejected them both. He looked around. Every instant was most precious to him.

"I'll tell you where to hide," said a squeaking voice.

Desmoro turned suddenly, full of alarm, feeling ready to sink to the floor.

"It's only me, Silly Neddly, the orphan. I shan't tell on you, mister," spoke the owner of an unkempt head from behind a heap of wood, bricks, and mortar. "Here, you get under all these, and I'll lie on top o' you."

"You'll betray me!" said Desmoro, in doubt how to act.

"If I do, I wish I may be hanged. I once helped another fellow to run away, and he got off capitally. Oh, I aren't so silly as I looks, only at times, jest after I've had a fit or two, them I'm rather queer in my ed, that's all."

"Hark! I hear footsteps!" cried Desmoro.

"Hide, hide!" returned Neddly, making a great hole in the rubbish. "I shall tell 'em I've gotten a awful fever, and then they'll not come near me."

Desmoro uttered not a word, but slipped into the hole. Then the lad—such he was—half-covering our hero with all sorts of things, laid down upon him, and calmly awaited the advancing footsteps.

Presently, the overseer and two soldiers entered the building.

"Anybody here?" asked the overseer, glancing all round, the soldiers behind him.

"Yes, me!" answered Neddly, from his resting-place.

"And who's me?"

"Silly Neddly—you knows me—who's just getting better of a awful fever—a ketching one—the titus, I think they calls it!"

At this, the overseer immediately slunk back, so also did the soldiers.

The overseer now spoke from the door.

"Have you seen any one, Neddly?" he called out.

"How's it likely any one would come anigh me, and me bad with a awful fever, sir!"

"You're a fool!"

"So everybody tells me, sir!"

"Did one of the gang, a confounded runaway, come in here just now? If you'll tell me, I'll give you a shilling."

"Pitch here the shilling, sir; and I'll tell you all I know about him!" answered the lad, unwilling to lose the proffered sum.

The overseer flung the coin upon the floor. Neddy heard it trundle along the boards.

"All right, and thank you, sir! A fellow did come in here, but went back directly I told him I'd been bad of a awful fever—a ketching one!"

"Ah! where did he go?"

"I couldn't get up to see, sir; I hadn't the strength!"

The overseer muttered something, and then went away, followed by the two soldiers. Neddy listened to their receding footfalls, then jumped up, and took possession of the shilling.

"They'll may be come back again, mister," said Neddy to our hero, who was peeping from his place of concealment.

"Heaven bless you, boy! You've saved me from something far worse than death!" Desmoro said, gratefully.

"What are you going to do?" queried Neddy. "In those clothes, you will be sure to be ketch-ed directly."

"I must wait here till dark."

"And even then where can you go in those patchy grey and yallors? Lor! how I do hate the very sight on 'em! I have it! I've got a shilling, you know! Well, I'll go to Ben, the old clothes man, and get him to give me a pair of trousers for it!"

"For a shilling?—a pair of trousers for a shilling?"

"They'd be cheap at that, wouldn't they?" grinned Neddy. "Oh, Ben knows me, and I'll get 'em for it!"

Desmoro shook his head.

"But he must give 'em to me!" persisted Neddy. "When it's dark, I'll go to him; and then you must have my shirt, and we'll make a bonfire of the grey and yallors!"

"Stand my friend, now, Neddy; and I'll afterwards be yours—the best and truest you ever had!"

The lad nodded his head, and put his finger on his lip.

"They may come back again!" he observed, alluding to the overseer and the soldiers. "We must keep quiet until dark."

For hours and hours Desmoro lay hidden amid dust and debris, dreading the return of the official and military, and parched with thirst and fever.

At dusk, Neddy stole forth, and directed his steps to the Rocks (a locality which is about as disreputable as was the Seven Dials, in London, or the Five Points, in New York); and, seeking a low-roofed house, of a most squalid appearance, knocked at its door, which was opened at once by an old Jew, with long white hair and beard and sharp black eyes.

"Are you by yourself?" asked Neddy, winking meaningly.

"Come in!" was the answer. And the Jew admitted his visitor.

"I want a pair of old trousers, Ben, and there's the price on them!" said the lad, throwing down his shilling.

The Jew looked at Neddy; and then, taking him by the shoulders, turned him round about.

"Those you've on arn't half worn out yet!" Ben remarked, shrewdly.

"I know they're not!" was Neddy's curt reply. "I don't want 'em for myself; I'm buying 'em for a friend of mine!"

"Umph!" ejaculated the Jew, fastening his glistening gaze on the lad. "Is it for one who has worn the grey and yellow?" he asked, eagerly.

Neddy hesitated.

"You needn't fear to trust me."

"I wouldn't trust my own father with any secret that I'd promised to keep!" said Neddy, sturdily.

"A good lad—a good lad!" cried the Jew. "Take up your money! (Neddy did so.) Ben will let you have a whole suit of clothes, provided that you will give me your word that I shall some day be paid for them!"

"My word! Lor, what's my word good for here! I daresay the rags I'll be paid for some time or other; but I'd not like to swear that they will!"

From the several pegs on which they were hanging, the Jew now took down the following articles of wearing apparel:—a pair of trousers, ditto boots; a shirt and waistcoat, and a coat, neckerchief and cabbage-tree hat.

Neddy was looking on in dumb amazement, not feeling altogether comfortable at Ben's proceedings. He knew the Jew to be exceedingly generous in certain cases; but Neddy was not prepared to see him give away his property by wholesale.

"And there's my card," said the Jew, producing a bit of dirty pasteboard, on which was printed, "Ben Moses, Old Clothes Merchant, Shark's Point, The Rocks, Sydney;" "give it to your friend, and tell him that I shall expect to hear from him some day or other. Good evening."

And so saying, the Jew handed to Neddy the garments, which he had tied up in a bundle, and opening the outer door, showed his bewildered visitor into the road.

Neddy went on a little way, then stopped and waited for a few moments. He had his doubt regarding Ben's honesty of purpose; he was afraid of treachery at his hands—treachery towards the man whom Neddy had resolved to protect and befriend with, if need be, his very life itself.

The lad paused for some time; but, on perceiving that he was not being followed, he pursued his way rapidly, until he reached the place

of Desmoro's concealment, which he entered stealthily.

"Hist!" he cried, standing in the darkness.

No answer.

"It's me—Silly Neddy."

"Thank heaven!" returned Desmoro, creeping out of his hiding-hole. "I thought you would never return to me."

"I've been a good, long way," exclaimed the lad; "and I've done a rare piece of business for you. I've got you a whole suit of clothes, almost as good as new."

"For a shilling? Impossible!"

"For credit, mister."

"For credit! Can you obtain credit?"

"Yes, so it seems; it's wonderful, isn't it, mister? But, if ever you're able, you must pay old Ben for the things. I've got his bit of pasteboard, which I'll tell you where he lives. You'll be sure to pay him, won't you, mister?"

"If ever I have the means to do so, I will, you may depend on't," Desmoro returned, hastily pulling off his prison-dress, and receiving the other garments, one by one, from Neddy's hand.

"What's to be done with these grey and yallors?" the lad asked. "They mustn't remain here, to be found by government, else I shall finely ketch it."

"I am going on the South Head Road," answered Desmoro, who had partly made up his mind as to what he should do; "I'll drop them as I go along."

"I don't think that 'ud do; I wish we could make a bonfire of them."

Desmoro had now finished dressing. He felt comfortable in his fresh apparel; but his limbs, which were now entirely relieved of the cumbersome and galling fetters, were stiff, and he moved with difficulty, as if he were still dragging along the heavy, clanking chain.

"I can hardly walk," said he. "I feel as if I had cannon-balls tied to my heels."

"Him as runned away, as I told you of, said the same," returned Neddy. "What are you going to do—turn bushranger?"

"Perhaps so."

"Let me go with you, mister; I'm a orphan, and nobody cares for Silly Neddy. I could make myself handy at lots of things, if I had only a chance of doing so; for I've helped in kitchens many a time, when my fits has been off of me, and seed how work was done; and I can mix a damper, pluck parrots, wash a bit, and cook a chop or steak. Say, mister, that I may go with you."

"Go with me, lad!" repeated Desmoro. "Heaven help me, whither? A homeless, penniless, runaway convict; what have I that you can share with me?"

"You'll fly to the bush, there's no place else for you, and I'll go with you there," Neddy eagerly replied. "You'll, maybe, want somebody near you who'll be honest and true to you; I will be that somebody."

Desmoro hesitated: his companion's appealing voice had a sound in it welcome to the convict's ear. But Desmoro had not yet made up his mind what he should do, or where he should turn to in order to find a safe home. Danger surrounded him. By this time the mounted police were scouring all the country round about for the missing man—for the runaway convict, for whom a hundred lashes were in store, or, oh, horror of horrors! probably Norfolk Island.

Desmoro's soul sickened as he reflected on his position.

The night was now advancing, and inky darkness prevailed. Desmoro pulled his hat over his eyes, and looked out into the dimly-lighted road, in which no person was to be seen.

The gloom was favorable for Desmoro's projects, and his resolves were taken at once.

"Follow me at a distance for awhile," he said; "and be careful," he added, warningly.

"All right, mister," rejoined Neddy, in satisfied accents.

And the couple sallied forth.

Desmoro walked awkwardly for some time, as though his ankles were tied together; but, by-and-by, he moved along with greater freedom, and at a quicker pace as well.

He had gained the outskirts of the town before he paused for his companion, who was not far behind him. Then onwards they proceeded together, in utter silence, until they reached Volderbond House, at the gate of which our hero stopped.

"What's the hour, think you, Neddy?" he inquired.

"Gracious knows, mister; I never thinks of the time."

"There's no one in sight, eh?"

"Not a blessed soul," answered the lad, glancing up and down the road as he spoke.

"Wait for me here."

"Until next week, if you likes, mister," was the devoted, but simple reply.

And Neddy dropped to the ground close to the portal, and prepared himself for slumber.

Desmoro now leaped over the gate, and disappeared.

He well knew the grounds around the house, he did not need the assistance of either moon or stars to show him his way. He walked round to the south wing, and paused directly under a balconied window, under the window of Olympia's chamber, which was full of brilliant light.

Desmoro vaulted into the balcony, and peered through the casement, which, in consequence of the warmth of the night, was half open. His heart was throbbing with excitement, but not with love. Oh, no, Madame Volderbond held no place within his bosom now; he had nothing but scorn and loathing for her at this time.

Olympia was sitting before her toilet-table, examining a casket of jewels; trying on bracelets, then earrings, then necklaces and chains, and humming to herself as she did so, no visible trace of care about her.

He was afraid to burst upon her too suddenly, lest his unexpected presence might alarm her, so he tapped at the glass, and spoke in a low voice.

"It is I, madame; be under no apprehension," he said, as he pushed the casement wide, and stepped into the apartment.

"Desmoro!" she exclaimed, starting up in terror.

"Ay, Desmoro Desmoro, Madame Volderbond!" he answered. "Hush! raise no alarm, madame," he added, seeing her extend her hand to the bell-rope. "I am not here to harm you, I am here on business!"

"Business!" echoed she.

"Business, madame."

"I thought you were—"

"Working in chains, breaking stones on the highway, eh? The occupation did not suit me, madame, so I have quitted it."

"And wherefore are you here?" she demanded, in a cold voice.

"On business, as I before stated, madame. I once did you a signal service, I now require you to return the obligation."

"What do you desire?"

"Money, madame; only money."

"How much?"

"Half you possess," was the bold answer.

She looked at him; then, suddenly seizing her jewel-casket, she thrust it aside.

"I shall not give you any money!" she returned, icily.

"You will not, Olympia Volderbond?"

"No."

"Then here I remain until morning."

"Ruffian, I will immediately call up my household!"

"You call me ruffian, madame; do you forget what you yourself are? But a truce to words; I am here, penniless and hungry, without a shelter for my head, haunted like a dog. I am a desperate man, madame," Desmoro added, in a low voice, but with passionate vehemence; "and money I must have!"

"You are a convict runaway, over whose head hangs the cat," sneered she. "I do not fear you! A single cry from my lips will bring about me half-a-dozen domestics; you are in my power; you have placed yourself in a trap!"

"Is this a woman's gratitude in return for a man's disinterested devotion? I sold my partial liberty for your sake, in order to shield your reputation and your life; I dragged the hideous chain, broke stones upon the highway, and all to hide a woman's crime: and now when I ask her for money, she answers me with cruel jeers and threats."

She made him no reply. She was amazed at the boldness of his speech, which was so very different from what it had ever been before. Olympia felt her entire security; and, feeling such, she did not like to part with any of her money—with any of that gold for which she had so darkly sinned. The possession of wealth had developed in her hateful character another bad trait—that of avarice, which "sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root, than summer-seeding weeds."

"Come, madame, night and darkness will not last for ever; satisfy my demands, and let me begone!"

"I have already answered you!" she returned, with sullen haughtiness. "I do not fear you, nor will I satisfy your demands!"

Desmoro's face flushed, then paled again. His position was not such as to permit him to lose further time; for every succeeding moment increased the perils of his situation. He knew that he must fly, fly into the bush, and, seeking there a lair, defy his pursuers and keep them at bay.

But he could not fly thither in this state of utter destitution. He must have his hungry stomach appeased, and be provided with the means of procuring the necessary implements required in his projected calling—namely, guns, pistols, and ammunition. Desmoro was about to embrace a freebooter's life, and he must be prepared to confront all its countless dangers and terrors.

He was not contemplating becoming a spiller of human blood—he would take nothing but man's gold. To be sure, he would have to protect his own life, to act in self-defence; but he had resolved never willingly to fire on any one. The world had thrust iron into his heart, and made him a reckless man, and Desmoro was ready to avenge himself upon that world—to avenge himself upon it fully. But not with violence did he propose doing so. No! Desmoro would rob and pillage boldly and fearlessly; but never, unless compelled would he strike a hurtful blow.

Hanging on the opposite wall was a glittering sword which had belonged to the late Captain Volderbond. Desmoro suddenly caught sight of the weapon, and in the next moment he was possessed of it, and flashing it before Olympia's alarmed eyes.

"Stir one step, utter one cry, and you shall not live to stir or cry more," he said with determination in all his tones and looks. "Now give me some money, Olympia."

"I have none in the house."

He looked at her as if doubtful of the truth of her words.

"You have jewels!" he rejoined, glancing towards the casket she had just put aside.

"But not for you," she answered, with flashing eyes.

"Ingrate!" he exclaimed, in intense scorn.

"Thank heaven, that I have learned to despise and abhor you! But I have also learned to hate myself for ever having listened to your syren voice. Now, hearken to me, madame! I have no wish to degrade my manhood by offering violence to a woman, although that woman be one fit only to be loathed and execrated by all the world; but I warn you not to trifle with me further! If you have no money to give me, I must have those jewels of yours!"

She looked at him fiercely. Her jewels were her gods, which she worshipped night and day, and she was unwilling to lose sight of them.

But Desmoro was desperate, and seized on the casket.

He cared nothing for her dark looks; he was regardless of all but the loud cries of his wants.

"There are the worth of several hundreds of pounds there," said Olympia, stretching out her hands, and struggling to regain her treasure. "Give me back my property!" she continued, unthinkingly clutching at the sword, which Desmoro at once snatching out of her grasp, caused her to utter a sharp cry, and to stagger backwards, and fall into a chair.

Olympia's hand was hanging by her side, wounded, and bleeding profusely, and her head had dropped upon her breast. She had fainted.

Seeing her state, Desmoro flung down the sword, and flew to the bell, after having rung which, his booty secure in his possession, he regained the balcony, and fled, fast, fast as his limbs would carry him, until he gained the spot where Neddy was awaiting him.

The lad started up at the sound of Desmoro's voice.

"Look alive!" said our hero, as Neddy rubbed his sleepy eyes.

"Ay, ay, what's up now, mister?"

"Come on a little further hence, and let us talk awhile," said Desmoro, leading the way in the direction of the town.

"I say, you aren't going back again, are you? I don't think it will be safe to do so, mister," observed Neddy.

"I'm hungry, lad!" returned Desmoro, almost fiercely. "I must have some food!"

"Golly!" exclaimed Neddy, in sorrowful perplexity. "Oh, my shilling! Look here—jest you come along as bold as you please, and a little furdur on there's a public house, where we shall be able to get something for the shilling."

"But afterwards, Neddy? Where shall we sleep?"

"Oh, when you have had something to eat we'll talk about that matter."

Accordingly, Desmoro and his companion trudged on; the former hungry and faint, the latter, accustomed to an empty stomach, full of cheerfulness and caution, and of devotion for his new-made friend.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL CHILDREN IN THE EAST.

They read their lessons in a sing-song tone, swinging their bodies to and fro to mark the time, like soldiers marching to music. No doubt you would like just to see an Eastern school; but how would you like to stay a whole day, or a week, where there was so much noise? If any of the children stop repeating their lessons out aloud, the master uses his stick, or even puts their feet in the stocks. In this way the children get the habit of reading everything aloud; and the habit so formed does not leave them when they grow up. So that in Eastern countries, whatever a man is reading, he reads it aloud, whether it be a private letter or a book; and whether he be at home, in his bazaar, or in the street. The people are so used to it, that no one thinks of stopping to listen; and so no one is afraid to read out his private papers. The men read in the same singing tones as when they were boys at school, and often swing their bodies backwards and forwards in the same way. They seem as if they could not understand unless they read thus.

BEECHER ON THE CROW.

Mr. Beecher makes the following witty remarks about the crow:

"Aside from the special question of profit and loss, we have a warm side toward the crow, he is so much like ourselves. He is cunning, and that is human. He takes advantages of those weaker than himself, and that is so manlike! He is sly, and hides for to-morrow what he can't eat to-day, showing a real human providence. He learns tricks much faster than he does useful things, showing a true boy nature. He thinks his own color the best, and loves to hear his own voice, which are entirely human traits. He will never work when he can get another to work for him—a genuine human trait. He eats whatever he can lay his claws upon, and is less mischievous with a full stomach than when hungry, and that is like man. He is at war with all living things except his own kind, and with them when he has nothing else to do.—No wonder men despise crows. They are too much like men. Take off their wings, and put them in breeches, and crows would be fair average men. Give men wings, and reduce their smartness a little, and many of them would be almost good enough to be crows."

A young lady of Philadelphia was recently struck with the uselessness of her life, and immediately went to work with vigour to learn plain sewing. At latest dates she hemmed one side of a—in fact, any future husband's pocket-handkerchief, which the proud parents have framed and hung in a conspicuous position.

ONLY A WORD.

A BUSINESS-LIKE POEM.

"Come," was the only word she said:
The only word—but oh, her look!
I read it like some fairy book;
And, as I read,
The swimming blaze of perfumed light
Grew faint. I watched her sudden flight
Like one enraptured in a trance;
Then swiftly cleft the whirling dance,
And followed blindly where she led.
Through jewelled throng she swept in pride.
She stood alone, and by her side
I stood! She felt her magic power.
Came music soft and sweet.
I plucked a choice exotic flower:
I longed with worlds my love to dower—

She spoke again. She whisper'd "Go!"
My blood rose hot! I cried,
"Go, darling! Yes, from land to land,
O'er raging seas, o'er barren strand!
A wanderer from clime to clime,
On to eternity through time—
Be this my lot, supreme, sublime!
No joy shall charm, no spell entice.
Repeat thy mandate. Ready, see,
I stand prepared to fly for thee!"
She said, "Go—get a straw'ry ice!"

WHO DID IT?

OR

FALSELY ACCUSED.

(In Eight Chapters.)

BY CAPTAIN JAPPEAR.

OF MONTREAL.

(Concluded.)

"As we ran along, I noticed a little boy peeping round the corner of the fence, as if fearing to venture out into the road. I hastily put a piece of silver into his hand, promising to double it on his return, if he would run up to the barracks, and let them know that one of the officers was in danger.

"The little fellow eagerly clutched the coin, and promising to be back in no time ran off at the top of his speed.

"This caused me some little delay, so that Rorke was now a short distance in advance.

"Come on men!" he roared, as though he had a regiment at his back. "Charge! Forward!"

"This little ruse had the effect of checking the assailants for a moment, and allowed us to get nearer to Henley, whom they had penned up in a corner, and who appeared nearly exhausted.

"However, they soon rallied, on seeing there were only two of us, and commenced the assault more fiercely than ever; but they had, now, three swords to contend against instead of one, and as Rorke was a first-rate swordsman, and I, myself could handle the weapon tolerably well, we might have managed to make good our retreat had it not been that at that moment the attacking party received a reinforcement, and now numbered over a dozen men.

"This was considerable odds, and it might have gone hard with us; but fortunately the weapons they used were not of a very deadly kind, being merely sticks which they had taken from a neighboring fence. Nevertheless, we received some ugly blows, and I could see that Henley had not escaped unscathed, for there was a little stream of blood trickling down his cheek. By a little manoeuvring we contrived to get one on each side of him, so as to give him a little rest; for I saw that, in his weak state, he could not hold out much longer.

"Rorke seemed to be working in earnest, for more than once the tip of his sword left its mark in the arm or leg of some more daring assailant.

"Come on ye madhans! Stand fair before a man, if ye have the soul of a f—!" he exclaimed, naming an insect not often mentioned in polite society, but noted for its gymnastic performances.

"This continued for some time longer, till at length I fancied I heard the sound of many feet approaching. I began to hope it was our fellows from the barracks coming to the rescue. Rorke heard it too, but it seemed not to afford him much gratification.

"I say, Wharton," he grumbled, between his thrusts and parries, "I'll be hanged, an' that's a nasty death, if I don't hear a whole regiment o' the dirty spalpeens comin' along at gallop! Och! 'tis now we'll be swallowed up intirely!"

"As the sound came nearer I could make out that it was not the irregular tramp of a mob, but the measured military steps.

"We're all right now, Rorke," I said, "we shall soon be out of this fix."

"A few moments after and we heard the old colonel's voice give the command, 'Charge bayonets!'

"Arrah! me swate boys, but that sounds nice!" shouted Rorke as the troops came down at the double. "Hare they come, trot-de-trot-trot! Clare away ye dirty wasps! Whew! Home with ye, or be the piper, ye'll get such a spurrin' that ye'll have to use cushions, or maintain a standin' posture fur a wake to come!"

"The individuals so addressed were not long in acting on Rorke's advice, for on catching sight of the advancing line of levelled steel they decamped with all haste.

"What's the squabble about?" asked the colonel, approaching Rorke.

"It's meself that don't know, Kurranel, at all, at all," replied Rorke. "Wharton an' I were comin' along, when we hair'd some one callin' out for 'blood—blood!' in a very unpleasant manner, an' as we thought that maybe that was an article they had no right to, we hurried up with our bits o' steel an' found Henley an' these beggars at it, hammer an' tongs. That's how we came to have a finger in the pie."

"So that the fray began with you, Henley?" said the colonel, turning to him.

"Yes, colonel," answered Henley, "but what could be their reason for attacking me, I cannot conceive."

"Tis strange!" returned the former, "but I see you are wounded, nothing serious I hope?"

"A mere trifle, colonel," replied Henley, "only a scratch from one of their clumsy weapons. 'Tis a little painful, but nothing more."

"I don't think we came at all too early," remarked the colonel, "for you appeared to be fighting against great odds. How we came to know of the affair was from a little ragged fellow who came running in saying that the 'boys were hammering one of the officers.'"

"It was I that sent him," I said, "and that reminds me that I must fulfil my part of the contract, and espying the little fellow standing near, I rewarded him as I had promised, and then we began our march home, but little thinking what was about to transpire that night.

"About two hours later Rorke and myself were sitting with Henley in his room, and speaking of the evening's affray.

"There is one circumstance connected with the affair which I have not told you," remarked Henley, looking very pale and agitated. "It is this: When they first rushed upon me, I heard one of them call out, 'Here's the foreigner that killed the poor fatherless girl! Death to the murderer! Blood for blood!' These were the very words. What did they mean—oh, what did they mean?" he asked, with such an earnest, beseeching look.

"Ay, what could they mean? That was the question I was mentally asking at that moment. There could be but one meaning, I thought, yet how could I tell him that?"

"Is it their palavers ye'd be afther mindin'?" broke in Rorke, trying to look as though the thing was too absurd to think about. "Wisha now, Henley, I thought ye had more sense than to be listenin' to the ravin's of a few drunken gosssoons 'at maybe didn't know whether they were standin' on their heads or their heels. Arrah, me dear boy, the idaya is preposterous!"

"But this did not seem to satisfy Henley, who looked at me, as if anxious to hear what I had to say.

"If their language really did refer to you, Henley," I said, "it may have come about from their having heard of your intended meeting on the hill, and from this they may have argued, in their own peculiar way of reasoning, that you were in some degree responsible for what occurred."

"As I ceased speaking Henley shuddered, and walked to the other end of the room, but with unsteady steps.

"Ye seem to be most fagged out, Henley," said Rorke. "Hould on a bit an' I'll fetch you something to strengthen ye. I have a drop of fine old port down there," and he hurried away for the wine.

"When we were alone, Henley came over, and leaning towards me, he whispered:

"But they said, 'Murderer! murderer!' and 'Blood for blood!' Oh, God! what could they mean?" and he sank into a chair, covering his face with his trembling hands.

"I was about to speak, when I heard voices in the passage below speaking in loud and excited tones.

"I looked towards Henley, but he did not appear to have heard what was going on, for he sat with his arms folded upon the table and his forehead resting in his hands.

"I was on the point of going out to see what could be the cause of the disturbance, when Rorke's voice caught my ear speaking in no very gentle tones. I heard him say, 'Well, ye must come up, I s'pose ye must, but will ye promise not to disturb him, till I give him this drop o' medicine, fur he's woful sick, I can tell ye? Will ye promise me this, or the dooced a step further ye'll go?"

"A few moments after, Rorke entered with the wine. I knew there was some person outside the door, for I had heard the footsteps follow Rorke up, so far.

Rorke poured out the wine with a trembling hand, and took it to Henley, saying: "Drink this my boy, 'twill do ye a wurrud o' good."

"Henley looked up with a mournful smile, 'You're very kind, Rorke,' he said, 'I ought to be thankful for such friends.'

"As he held out his hand for the wine, the flame of the lamp, shining through the liquid, threw a patch of blood-red light upon his fingers, and he started back with a smothered cry.

"Don't ask me, Rorke," he faltered, in answer to Rorke's entreaties, "I could not drink it."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARREST.

"There was now a loud knock at the door which was opened almost at the same moment, and Berkley the Chief of Police entered the room. He moved towards Henley saying: 'This is Lieutenant Henley, I believe?'

"Henley rose, and handed him a chair, saying: 'I suppose you've come about this horrible murder; have you discovered any clue to the perpetrator?'

"Berkley was silent for some moments, then coughed several times. At last he said, 'I have a painful duty to perform, Lieutenant Henley,—I have orders to arrest you.'

"The last tinge of color faded from Henley's cheek. He gazed at each of us in turn, with a vacant stare, pressing his hand upon his brow, as though to ease its aching.

"I don't understand it," he faltered, 'I don't understand it! Then turning to Rorke he murmured brokenly 'He says—he—has come to arrest me,—Rorke—ask him what 'tis for.'

"All this time Rorke had been standing by the window, as if looking out. When he turned, his eyes were red, and there was a nervous twitching of the lips, which told how great was the struggle to hide his emotion.

"Look ye, Mr. Policeman," he began, trying hard to steady his voice, 'I'll be hanged, (an' that's a nasty death) if there ain't a towerin' mistake somewhere. Don't ye know that Lieutenant Henley is a gentleman 'at's sworn to defend Her Majesty, Her Crown an' Dignity, an' what in the ould boy's name, d'ye mane by arrestin' him! Why, tare-an-ages, the idaya is preposterous; and Rorke looked as if he felt very much inclined to use stronger arguments than words.

"I have my orders, Captain Rorke," replied Berkley in a firm tone, 'and they are to arrest Lieutenant Henley. He is wanted to give what information he can, concerning the death of that poor girl.'

"But I have told all,—all I know," murmured Henley, gazing anxiously at the speaker.

"That may be, sir," returned the other, 'but I was ordered to bring you with me.'

"And I must go to gaol?" he said, with a shudder.

"Those were my orders, sir," replied Berkley.

"A look of intense pain passed over Henley's face, and he was obliged to lean against the mantel-piece for support. I thought he was about to fall, and ran towards him.

"I am not well," he said feebly, 'I feel very weak.'

"I say, Mr. Policeman," said Rorke striding forward excitedly, 'that gentleman is very ill, as ye can see fur yerself, an' be the powers o' pepper, if anything should happen on account o' this alvenin's doin's, ye may call me a pailer—eh—ah—I mane, ye may call me a Dootchman, av the gents that had a hand in it, don't get their dissorts, av there's law or justice in the country,—marruk my wurruds!'

"Will you be good enough to get ready, Mr. Henley?" said Berkley, somewhat impatiently, 'for I've already delayed here longer than I should have done? I own, 'tis a disagreeable duty that falls to my lot, but you're aware that I must obey my superiors, and, I trust, gentlemen, that you will try not to make it more unpleasant than need be.'

"I am also authorized to search your room," he continued. 'I can do that part of the business while you are getting ready.'

"This seemed too much for Rorke, who put up his hands, exclaiming, 'Och, may I niver, av the wurrud isn't come to something! But there! I shouldn't wonder at anything afther what I've seen this blessed night. I'll be hanged if 'twould surprise me, av he was to say I was borrun in the Fayjay Islands. Ah, wisha! Paddy Rorke, but ye've seen quare things this day!'

"I took up Henley's boots, and brought them to him to put on.

"You'll find a lighter pair, there, Wharton, he said, 'I'll take them.'

"I looked around, but could see no others.

"I dare say they are in the closet yonder," said Henley, 'I have not worn them this day or two.'

"Berkley was standing near the closet indicated, and on hearing this, he opened the door, and took out the boots. He was about to hand them to me, but suddenly changed his mind; and after looking at them intently for a few moments, glanced up quickly at Henley, saying: 'I beg your pardon, but I must take these with me.'

"Just as you please," said Henley, as though reconciled to his fate, whatever it might be.

"Tis a wonder ye don't take 'em all, and lave him to go barefoot!" said Rorke in a tone of disgust.

He accompanied Henley as far as the outer gate, where two other policemen were waiting. "He pressed our hands at parting; and, in a broken voice, he whispered: 'You'll do what you can to clear me of this comrades. You cannot believe I am guilt—'

"Now, don't say another wurrud," interrupted Rorke, 'not another wurrud, or ye'll make me vexed. D'ye take us for borrun simpletons?—Wisha, the idaya is preposterous!'

"I assured him we would do all in our power to unravel the mystery, and told him to try and bear up as well as he could, for that 'twould surely all come right in the end.

"There's never a doubt o' that," said Rorke, 'an' I'm hanged if I don't wurruk as if all me ancesthurs, from the Conqueror down, were detectives, and I inherited their janus! So my dare boy, ye may rest aisy on that score,' and

after another interchange of farewells, we parted.

"Wharton," said Rorke to me, after we had returned to Henley's room, 'come down into little me den, for this place seems wofully lonesome and desolate now.' So I went down with Rorke, and there we sat together, till the grey dawn began to break,—talking of the great trouble that had befallen our friend, and puzzling our poor brains to find some clue to the mystery.

"There was great excitement in Ochlone, during the week following, for the assizes were to be held, and Lieutenant Henley was to stand his trial for the murder of Elizabeth Carthy; events having come to light in the meantime, which, in the eyes of the authorities, tended to fasten suspicion upon him.

"A seal, with a fragment of gold chain attached, had been picked up near the spot when the body was discovered; and it was found that such a piece was missing from the chain that Henley wore.

"Again, the only tracks of a man's shoes that could be found on the spot, were exactly such as would be made by the shoes found in Henley's room.

"There was another fact, which was considered to be strong evidence of the prisoner's guilt. In the interstices between the sole and over-leather of these shoes, was found a quantity of coagulated blood. This told strongly against the accused, as it was known that the foot-prints could not have been made at the time the body was found, for none of us had walked over that part of the road where the blood was, but had gone along by the edge, as requested by Berkley. Besides this, Henley acknowledged that he did not wear these shoes the second time he went on the hill.

"We visited Henley as often as circumstances would permit. For the greater part of the time, he appeared to be in a sort of lithargy, not conscious of what was transpiring, nor displaying any anxiety as to the issue. Yet there were times, when his dreadful position would flash upon him suddenly, in all its awful reality.

"Then, indeed, it appeared as though the preceding torpor had only rendered the mind more keenly sensitive to suffering. At such times it was a painful sight to witness the sudden contortion of the features,—that look of unutterable agony, the thin white fingers tightly clasped upon the brow, and to hear the long-drawn, choking sigh!

"But, fortunately for the overburdened spirit, the intervals were rare."

CHAPTER VII.

A STRANGE WITNESS.

"So things went on, till the day appointed for the trial, Rorke and myself with some other were summoned as witnesses. We were standing outside the Court House, when Henley passed in guarded by several policemen.

"Be me sowl, he don't look like a man 'at would murder the ouldly child of a poor widdher," whispered one of the bystanders.

"Arrah! bad luck to him!" said another, 'ain't the proofs plain enough; an' haven't ye iver hair'd tell of a wolf bein' dressed in a sheep's skin. Av I was so sure av gettin' a hunderd poun' as I am that that oily lookin' chap murdered the poor gairl, I'd be purly well off!'

"Rorke turned and made a step towards the last speaker; but knowing what the consequences were likely to be, I caught him by the arm, and managed to lead him away, but not without many remonstrances against my interference. 'Didn't ye hair me, yerself,' he exclaimed after sending a fiery glance in the direction of the offending party, 'didn't ye hair me vow to uphold his innocence before any mortal man; and the one that 'ud contradict me, why, I'd—' and putting his forefinger and thumb together, he gave his hand a sudden twist, thereby intimating how he would treat the nasal organ of such an individual.

"I was the first witness called. On entering, I found the Court-room crowded to excess; and many were the black looks and angry frowns I received, as I passed up to the witness stand, for I was well-known to be a fast friend of the prisoner's.

"As I took my place in the box, I glanced at Henley. He appeared scarcely able to stand, and leaned heavily against the railing of the dock for support. His eyes were bent upon the floor, and he looked very pale and worn, but there was no trace of fear or anxiety on the sad, wan face, only an expression of calm resignation.

"What I gave in evidence has been already stated. Rorke came next, and then followed several others.

"Of course the evidence tended in no way to shake my belief in Henley's innocence; but I could see it was different with the jury. I noted the effect produced upon their minds by the speech of the prosecuting Counsel, as, one after another he picked up the links of the chain, which seemed to connect the crime with the prisoner, and as I listened, I trembled for the result.

"Gentlemen," he said, 'it has been my duty to lay before you the facts, it is now for you to draw the inference. You must be sensible, Gentlemen, of the solemn responsibility that rests upon you, for it is you that must decide upon the life or death of the prisoner at the bar. By the laws of our country, he whole willfully deprives a fellow creature of life, thereby forfeits his own. Your province is to determine whether the accused has incurred that penalty.'

"He then went on to review briefly the chief

points in the evidence. "There is one point in particular," he said, "to which I would draw your attention. With regard to the foot-prints found on the spot, where the fatal struggle took place it has been shown that they were of two kinds—those made by the deceased herself; and several others, larger, and in every respect different, being evidently those of a man."

"Now it has been proved beyond a doubt that the latter were made by the shoes found in the prisoner's possession. I do not hesitate to say that you yourselves are convinced of this. You have seen the plaster casts brought into Court. They are the exact size of the shoes referred to. The marks of the nails correspond in number and position. The same may be said of several indentations in the soles; as also a slight crack across that of the right foot. What one would naturally be led to conclude from this is obvious."

"However, Gentlemen, if you can account for it, in any other way than by supposing the accused to have been present at the time the deceased met her death, of course such a doubt must go to the benefit of the prisoner. But if, on the other hand, you believe it was the prisoner who wore those shoes at that fatal meeting, then I say, Gentlemen, you will remember what you owe to yourselves, and to society, and render a verdict accordingly."

"Then followed a profound silence lasting for several minutes. The only sound to be heard was the occasional rustling of paper, or the scratching of the pen as it hurried along the sheet."

"Although strongly urged to do so, Henley would not consent to employ counsel for his defence, so that he was now left to his own resources."

"Prisoner at the bar," said the stern-looking judge, in a softer tone than he usually spoke, "have you anything to say in your defence?"

"Henley glanced up hurriedly at the judge, and then at the jury, with a hopeless, sorrowful look; then, recovering himself somewhat he began in a low sad tone:—

"My Lord, and Gentlemen, what I have to say can be said in few words. I have no hope that anything I may advance will tend to influence—"

"Here, he was interrupted by some disturbance at the entrance to the Court-room."

"Let me in. I must get in!" exclaimed a female voice in excited tones, "'tis a matter of life or death!"

"Will you ascertain what is the cause of this uproar?" said the judge addressing the sheriff.

"At this moment a policeman hastily entered, and, going up to the judge, he said: 'Me Lurud, here's a woman out here what sez she have some important evidence to give in this here case.'"

"Let her come in," said the judge, and all eyes were turned towards the door.

"A tall woman in black was now seen pushing her way towards the open space in front of the bench. Her long black hair fell loosely over her shoulders. There was a wild sparkle in the jet-black eyes, and a bright red spot upon either cheek, while the rest of the face was of a marble whiteness."

"At length she reached the dock and stood facing the judge. As she turned towards me, I recognized that face with its wild fierce beauty, it was Mad Mona."

"I came to tell you, my Lord," she said in a soft musical voice, which contrasted strangely with her excited appearance, "I came to say, my Lord, that this man," pointing to Henley, "knows nothing of the crime with which he is charged."

"Who is this person? Do you know?" asked the judge speaking to the sheriff in a low tone. Then addressing Mona he said, "What grounds have you for making such an assertion?"

"My Lord," she replied, "I can prove the truth of what I say. I tell you the prisoner is innocent. It was I that did the deed," and holding out her right hand, "it was this hand that struck the blow! I say again, he is innocent, why don't you let him free?"

"Again there was a commotion in the Court-room. An old man was struggling to make his way through the crowd. It was Mona's grandfather."

"On hearing Mona's words he called out, 'She's not right, yer Honor, don't mind what she sez—she's not right in her mind—'tis only her ravin's.'"

"Young woman," said the judge, solemnly, "you cannot be ignorant of what such a confession may lead to. Are you aware that if your statement be true you will have to take the place of the prisoner?"

"My Lord," she replied calmly and with a look of proud dignity, "whatever the consequences may be, I could not see an innocent man suffer. Perhaps you will wonder what was my motive for such an act. I will tell you, my Lord. I loved the prisoner, loved him as woman never loved man before. I thought, for a time, that in some measure he returned my love," she said with a mournful absent look, "but I soon discovered that he cared nothing for me,—that she who—who is now dead, was the one he really loved. From that moment I hated her—oh how I hated her!" and the black eyes sparkled like living coals."

"I found out," she continued, "that it was their custom to meet on Brocklow Hill. I disguised myself one night and watched there for several hours, but they did not come. The next night I went again, and this time I was more fortunate. I saw her come slowly up the hill from Brocklow. I allowed her to reach the remotest part of the road, then I went out and confronted her. I told her that I knew whom

she was looking for. She looked frightened, and asked me what I meant."

"You are looking for some one," I said, "whom you will never see again."

"Then she turned, as if to run away, but I soon had her in my grasp, and then the struggle began."

"She was strong—very strong,—and once or twice I thought I should fail. But at length I threw her upon the ground."

"As I held the knife over her, and saw her eyes turned up to mine with such a pitiful, despairing look, I pitied her—I pitied the poor panting creature, and my resolution began to waver."

"But at that moment she uttered one word—Arthur. That sealed her doom, and the blade was buried in her breast. More than once she called to her Arthur to save her, but every time she uttered that name it only nerved my arm for a more deadly blow."

"It was soon over, and as I stood looking down upon her, lying there still and dead, I felt sorry for what I had done. But it was too late then."

"Having satisfied myself that she was really dead, I turned and hurried away across the moor to where I had hidden my own clothes. These I now put on, and left in their place the clothes which I had used to disguise myself. I can point out where they are, my Lord, and I think, also, I can find the knife, which I thrust into the turf on my way across the marsh. This, I think, should prove that what I say is true."

"It would be impossible to describe the sensation produced by this confession. The old man, Mona's grandfather, was in great distress. His groans and lamentations were painful to hear."

"Ochone! ochone!" he cried, in grief-stricken tones; "but the girl can't be in earnest! Sure yer Honor wouldn't be after mindin' what the poor crazy crather sez! She do be always sayin' things widout ahny manin'! Ochone! ochone!"

"Not so in this case," replied the judge, "for there lies a terrible meaning in the words she has just uttered, and we must be satisfied as to whether they are true or not."

"The result proved the truth of Mona's statement. The knife and clothes were found as she had described. And many things were now explained which before seemed mysterious. I had been puzzled by the fact of there being only two or three of the larger footprints to be found on the spot where the struggle took place. This was now fully accounted for. The boots which Mona wore were similar to those of the deceased. There was no thought of the murder being committed by a woman, hence little attention was given to the smaller tracks. The larger impressions were doubtless made by Henley, when he passed over the spot after the murder. With regard to the fragment of chain, it most likely became detached when we caught hold of Henley to prevent him from falling."

"Of course Henley was liberated. Mona was taken into custody, but was pronounced to be of unsound mind, and was sent to an asylum."

CHAPTER VIII.

REST AT LAST!

"From the day of his release, Henley seemed to pine away gradually. He was advised to try change of scene and air, but he seemed unwilling to leave the old place."

"As the days went by, he grew weaker and weaker, till at length he was seldom able to go out, unless in the cool evening, when he would wander away to a little nook in the quiet old grave-yard, where slept his poor lost Lizzie."

"At last he was confined to his bed, and began to sink rapidly. I well remember his last night upon earth. The doctor had just left him, after having given his opinion that he might linger through the night. Then, as Rorke and myself sat by his bedside, he told us his last wishes."

"At his dictation, I wrote a short letter to his father and another to his sister in their far-off home. In the former, he added as his dying request that an annuity might be given to Lizzie's mother sufficient to keep her comfortable for life."

"That to his sister entreated her to do her best to cheer up his father, 'for,' he said, 'I know he will grieve a good deal; but the parting will be only for a few years, sister, and then I trust we shall all meet our dear mother in heaven.'"

"Is that all?" I asked, as he had not spoken for some time."

"Yes, Wharton," he said, with a faltering voice; "just say good-bye, and tell her I feel happy, for I shall soon be with my Lizzie."

"As I was about to close the letter, he said suddenly:—

"I have just been thinking she might like a lock of my hair. Wharton, would you mind cutting one off?"

"Rorke went and brought in the scissors, but when he looked down on the pale, thin face of our dying friend and saw the longing, wistful look in the preternaturally bright eyes which were turned upwards, as though gazing into some far-off world, then he appeared quite overcome, and held the scissors towards me behind his back, as if to ask that I would do it for him."

"But I pretended not to notice this, for I did not feel equal to the task, so that Rorke was obliged to do it himself, though I could tell that it cost him a good deal; for his eyes were moist, and his lip quivered as he bent over the dying man, and, with trembling hands, severed the glossy curl."

"When all had been arranged as he wished,

Henley held out his hand, saying, 'I wish I knew how to thank you both for your goodness, but I hope you will have your reward.'

"Then taking a ring from his finger, he put it into my hand. 'Twill do for a little keepsake,' he said, with a faint smile; 'I wish it could speak the gratitude of the giver.' Then turning to Rorke, he said, 'You'll find a chain and seal in that desk. Will you take them, Rorke, just to remember me by?'

"Ah, then, faith, my dare boy, it isn't that I'll want to remember ye by, for many's the time I'll think of ye and the long happy years we've passed together. However, I'll take it av ye're so minded, an' every time I look at it I'll pray to be as good a man an' a soldier as the one that gives it."

"But do ye feel comfortable now?" continued Rorke. "Are ye sure, ould boy, there's nothing else we can do fur ye. Av ye'd be afther wantin' a wurud with the clergy, or anything else that mortal man can get ye, jest spake yer mind, fur Paddy Rorke is here fur that same."

"Thank you, Rorke," replied Henley, feebly, "there is nothing more that I want. As for the clergy, you know that I saw the chaplain this evening. I have no fear of what's to come. I know I shall be better off. Not that I deserve it, my dear friend, for I feel that I have not lived as I ought. 'Tis when death gets his hold on us that we see how much evil we have done, and how much good we have left undone; and many things which before we regarded as trifles look very black at the closing up of accounts. But, thank God, we have not to go on our own merits, so that I trust to hear my name, when the 'roll' is called for the 'muster,' in a better land."

"Then, with a sigh he added, 'I feel very tired; I think I shall rest now.'

"Arrah!" whispered Rorke, shaking his head, while two big drops coursed down his cheeks, 'tis the long rest he manes—the rest that knows no wakin'."

"He was soon asleep. His breath came quick and heavy, and often he would start and shiver, moaning as if in pain."

"I shall never forget that night; for though the death-dew gathered on many a brow and felt the hand of more than one dying friend grow cold and rigid in mine, yet I never had such sad and mournful feelings as while keeping our lonely watch by that bedside."

"As hour after hour slowly passed, and I listened to the dimly monotonous ticking of the clock, which seemed to be tolling the knell of the departing spirit; and as I gazed upon that pale face, worn and haggard, but still noble-looking in its manly beauty, my thoughts wandered away to those things 'that eye hath not seen nor ear heard.' I wondered whether that spirit was gradually approaching the unknown shore, or whether it would suddenly take its flight and be instantaneously wafted away to that abiding home, 'where the weary rest forever.' How solemn to think that before another sun death would have drawn aside the veil which no mortal eye can pierce, and the mysteries of the world beyond the grave, the theme of such vague conjecture, would be revealed to him in all their stupendous reality."

"Such were my thoughts as the hours went by. At length the clock in the neighboring steeple struck the third hour past midnight, and while yet the last stroke of the bell lingered faintly on the air, Henley started up with a cry, and staring wildly around, he exclaimed in a strange choking voice, 'Not guilty, not guilty!'

"Then came a prolonged shudder, and the face flushed a crimson hue. The next moment a death pallor overspread the features, he slowly fell back upon the bed, and then all was still."

"The weary spirit had found rest at last."

"He's gone!" said Rorke, as he held the pulseless wrist, 'he's gone, poor boy, an' all his fretin' an' trouble' sover. An' he didn't go harrud aither, poor fellow, considherin'! Though he was mighty unaisy in the avengin', antil he made me rade him a bit out o' the good book, where it sez 'There'll be no night there, nayther sorrow nor sighin', for the tares shall be wiped away from off all faces.' Then he salmed quieter, an' he sez to me, 'Rorke,' sez he 'that's comfortin' to me, 'tis there they bind up the broken harried.' But faith, Wharton, that was the harriest bit 'at iver I had to rade, for the letthers kept dancin' an' tumblin' over one another, an' be the same token, I salmed to have a lump in me throat, at felt like a twelve-pound shot. So that I gave it a very ondacent radin'. May I be forgiven fur that same."

"The last volley had been fired over the grave, and Rorke was accounting for the superfluous moisture in his eyes, by telling me that the pestiferous smoke had made them water, when one of the bystanders approached him saying: 'Your friend went off quickly,—a short time ago, I should never have judged him to be in decline.'

"Appearances are desaitful, to be sure," was all Rorke answered. But when the speaker had gone, he muttered under his breath, much they know about it, with their decline and consumption,—I know the decline he died of—'twas a broken heart."

"And I am much of the same opinion," said Wharton sadly, as he proceeded to light a fresh cigar."

THE END.

It is better to accomplish perfectly a very small amount of work than to half do ten times as much.

MODERN EGYPT.

The land of the khédive is likely soon to rival in greatness the ancient kingdom of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies. Modern Egypt cannot, it is true, compare with ancient Egypt in the number of its inhabitants, for Diodorus tells us that the latter contained 30,000 towns and villages, while Herodotus says that in the reign of Amasis there were in Egypt 20,000 cities. What successive sovereigns, however, from Sesostris to the caliphs, failed to effect, or accomplished only in part, has been completely achieved under the rule of the khédive by the opening of the Suez Canal, while Alexandria and Cairo are fast becoming cities and palaces, and the wealth of the country is every day increasing."

Western prejudice attributes the present ignorance of the Mussulman population of Turkey to Islamism, and concludes that the religion of Mohammed is a bar to all human progress. Any one, however, who visited Egypt ten years ago, and could now see the vast improvements that have been and are still being made by the khédive, would at once have his prejudices very much modified, if not altogether removed. He would see the harbor of Alexandria, the finest, probably, in the world, crowded with the shipping of all nations, with a new breakwater and new docks in course of completion, warehouses filled with cotton, grain and other agricultural produce ready for export, railways in operation or in course of construction—everywhere, in fact, the signs of increasing civilization and prosperity. He would see Alexandria itself more like an European than an Eastern city, with its magnificent building and its "Places des Consuls," that exceeds in size and beauty any square to be found in Europe. He would see the land, irrigated by the Nile's overflow or by means of machinery, everywhere teeming with rich crops of wheat, maize, barley, beans and peas, clover and flax, rice, sugar-cane, tobacco and cotton, coffee, indigo and madder; the gardens producing apricots in May; peaches, plums, apples, pears and carobs in June; grapes, figs and prickly pears in July; pomegranates, lemons and dates in August; oranges in October, sweet lemons and bananas in November, and the mulberry and Seville orange in January. In old times we know there was "corn in Egypt;" now there is also "cotton in Egypt," and cotton, too, of the best description. Even six years ago there were not less than two hundred steam-ploughs at work in cotton cultivation. Every mechanical aid to production has, in fact, been made use of, and the result is an enormous increase of wealth both to the people and their ruler."

The romance of travel in Egypt, is fast disappearing. A new bridge has been recently built by the khédive over the Nile, so that travellers can now go direct in carriages from their hotel to the pyramids without being obliged, as formerly, to cross the river in boats and finish the excursion on camels or donkeys. The old "dahabeah," or Nile boat, is giving way to the comparatively luxurious Nile steamer, and the charms of that dreamy Epicurean life, floating up and down the great river, will soon become a memory of the past. No more encampments beneath the myriad stars and the wondrous sky of an Egyptian night, amidst the labyrinth of pillars, obelisks and fallen temples of Luxor or Karnark. Instead of, as heretofore, passing the night on land under a tent, the traveller now sleeps in his comfortable berth on board the khédive's steamer, and "does" the Nile in three weeks, instead of three months, as in the palmy days of the dahabeahs. During the winter of 1871, before the steamers began to ply, the price asked for a first-class boat was from \$150 to \$600 a month for three or four months; while now the voyage—580 miles—from Cairo to Philæ, a few miles above the first cataract, and back again, can be made by the passenger steamers on the Nile belonging to the khédive administration at a cost of \$220, including steamer, living, guides and all other necessary expenses."

DRUNKENNESS IN SWEDEN.

In Sweden the first time that a man appears intoxicated in a public place he is condemned to a fine of about twelve shillings."

The second time to a fine of twenty-five shillings."

The third and fourth time the punishment is more rigorous; not only does the offender pay a larger sum in the shape of a fine, but he loses his rights as an elector, and on the Sunday after the offence he is compelled to stand in the pillory in front of his parish church."

The fifth time the punishment is six months' imprisonment with hard labor."

The sixth time a year's imprisonment with hard labor."

Any person convicted of having induced another to drink to excess is fined twelve shillings; or, if the person so intoxicated is under age, the tempter is fined twenty-five shillings."

A priest or minister of religion found in a state of drunkenness is immediately deprived of his cure."

In no case is drunkenness admitted as an excuse for the commission of a crime (as it too frequently is in our law courts.)"

Lastly, a man who dies when drunk is not permitted to be buried in consecrated ground."

He who will take no advice, but be always his own counsellor, shall be sure to have a fool for his client."

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1873.

"THE FAVORITE"

TERMS: INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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ANOTHER NEW STORY.

We are pleased to be able to announce that we have made arrangements with the world renowned author

MISS M. E. BRADDON

for the production here, simultaneously with its appearance in London, of her new serial story,

PUBLICANS

AND

SINNERS

which will be commenced in an early number, and be handsomely

ILLUSTRATED BY OUR ARTIST.

Miss Braddon's reputation as an author is too well established to need any comment from us. Those of our readers who have had the pleasure of enjoying "Lady Audley's Secret," "To the Bitter End," "The Outcasts," or any of her other works will, no doubt, be glad of an opportunity to peruse her latest production as speedily as it is written.

ADULTERATION.

The so-called Adulteration Act which was passed in England last year is now in operation, and we hope to see it rigidly enforced. The Act provides for the appointment of analysts who will examine any articles of food or drink which may be brought them by the purchaser. Any person selling adulterated articles is subject to fine and imprisonment. The Act is a wise one and ought to prove of great service in the preservation of health. Adulteration has grown to be one of the arts of the age, and scarcely any article of common use is sold in its pure state, cheaper, and often deleterious matter being generally added to increase the profit. The poor classes, of course, suffer most by adulterations, not only because they are most numerous, but, also, because they very frequently do not possess the means of protecting themselves which the rich man has; generally they must deal with the nearest shopkeeper, they cannot afford the time to go half a mile or so out of their way to get a better article, and if the shopkeeper is dishonest they have to eat and drink whatever poisons he pleases to sell them. A rich man can punish a dishonest shopkeeper by withdrawing his custom and patronising someone else; too often the poor man has to put up with an inferior article because the shop is conveniently situated for him. We hope to

see a similar Act introduced into Canada where it is sadly needed not only in food and drink but in manufactured articles of all kinds. We are wonderfully fond of "imported" goods; anything foreign must be excellent, while home productions are looked on with doubtful favor, and generally ranked second class; but if we could know what some of these foreign articles are composed of our ardor would probably be somewhat abated. We want a strict law against the adulteration of food and drink, especially the latter. We think a good stringent liquor inspection law would do more towards decreasing drunkenness than any prohibitory Act which could be passed; a prohibitory law would be unpopular and hard to enforce; but a law protecting the consumers against the liquor dealers would be popular, and the liquor drinkers undoubtedly form a large majority of the community. There will, probably, always be people who will use alcoholic stimulants, and it is the duty of the government to protect them and see that they are not poisoned, or their health ruined, any quicker than alcohol can do it, by the introduction of deleterious substances into the liquor they drink.

POSTAL CARDS.

Every good thing may be turned to evil uses by improper application, and it appears that the postal card in England has not escaped the general rule. There have been many cases in the improper use of postal cards, but one of the most curious is that of a man in London who, a short time ago, was convicted of libelling his own niece by sending her a postal card containing an accusation of grossly immoral conduct which lost the woman her place. The Judge sentenced him to two years imprisonment and a fine of £50 and regretted that he did not have power to have him flogged. This was certainly an outrageous case and the villain well deserved his sentence. We have heard no complaints about postal cards since their introduction here, except from some persons who object to receiving the large number of circulars which are so commonly printed on the backs of the cards, and which are frequently almost a nuisance.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to J. A. Phillips, Editor FAVORITE.

W. HOWARD, Toronto.—"Leath Alton" is the *nom de plume* of a gentleman of your city who has contributed to the FAVORITE. We are not at liberty to disclose his name.

MR. JONES, Quebec, wants to know "the most suitable kind of engagement ring." We have not been engaged lately in the matrimonial line; but, we think a solitaire—diamond, or other stone, according to the circumstances of the parties, is the most appropriate gift. We gave our girl a solitaire, and she is here yet.

ARTILLERY, Plattsburgh, N. Y., says: "Being a reader of your paper, I have taken the liberty of asking you two questions, having great faith in your answers. 1st. Has a cannon ever thrown a shot or shell three miles? 2d. What is the furthest ever a cannon did throw a shot or shell, well authenticated?" The Armstrong gun has thrown shot and shell more than five miles.

CHARLIE A.—writes that he wants "some one to love." He is "twenty-eight, five feet four inches in height, black hair and eyes, natural curl"—the hair, not the eyes, we suppose—and has a good situation. He has only been in Montreal a short time, and having no lady acquaintances, would like to correspond with a few ladies with a view to matrimony. Address to care of Editor.

FRANK FORD, Toronto, asks: "1st. How much will it cost to learn telegraphy, and where would be the proper place to learn? Could not one operator teach it as well as another? 2d. What is the reason Indians never have any beard or whiskers; don't they grow at all?" 1st. The Dominion Telegraph Institute, Montreal, would, we think, be the best place. We think there is a branch in Toronto. 2d. We believe Indians pull out their beard and whiskers and rub on some preparation to prevent the growth.

TOM BROWN, Hamilton, asks: "1st. If there were several young ladies going home with my

sister from church, would it be necessary for me to ask one of them if I could accompany her? What should I say? 2d. How is "fine-cut" tobacco prepared? Is it more unhealthy to chew than "home-spun"? 1st. Of course—why not? Is it so difficult to ask a simple, polite question? Young ladies justly feel a slight contempt for a gentleman who is so extremely diffident. They like a man to be a man, and not a mouse. 2d. We do not chew tobacco, and therefore know very little about the difference between "fine-cut" and "home-spun." We should advise you to chew just as little of either as possible, if you have proper care for your health.

ANNIE says: "1st. I have heard it stated that out about half way in the Atlantic Ocean there are springs of fresh water that bubble up from the bottom and do not mix with the salt water, but remain pure and fresh. Is there anything of the kind? and if so, can vessels get it to use? 2d. Can a Roman Catholic be President of the United States?" 1st. We do not know as to the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, but there is a fresh-water spring—a very large one—in the ocean, some distance off the coast of Florida, where vessels can take in fresh water to any extent. And we have heard of a vessel off the coast of South America, and out of sight of land, which hailed another vessel for water, as they were perishing for it, and the answer came back, "well, fling a bucket overboard and get it." They were in the outflow of that great river, the Amazon. 2d. Certainly, if he gets a majority of votes.

JANET F.—Montreal, says: "I am a young lady, seventeen years of age, and have been engaged to a widower for some time. We were to have been married soon, but my parents objected, saying I am too young to marry a widower with three children and take charge of his house. Now, what am I to do? Must I marry him against my parents' will, or dismiss him? I love him dearly, and I know he loves me. He says he will run away with me if I am willing, but would rather have my parents' consent. What ought I to do?" You have not stated all the alternatives in the case. If the only objection your parents have is your youth, you have only to wait two or three years to overcome that. We know that two or three years seems a long time to a girl in love, but perhaps in after-years you may thank us for the advice. A girl of seventeen years is rarely capable of taking charge of a home and we think your parents are right.

Several letters are unavoidably left over for answer next week.

PASSING EVENTS.

CHOLERA has appeared in two villages in West Prussia.

DON CARLOS is said to have ordered the release of prisoners on their parole.

MR. BANNATYNE'S horse "Duffy" won the Grand Steeple Chase at Baltimore.

It is reported the ex-Empress Eugenie is in Paris, and has been there two days.

LIEUT.-COLONEL PETERS will command the next Wimbledon Team from Canada.

HON. JOSEPH HOWE, Lt.-Governor of Nova Scotia, died at Halifax on the 15th inst.

EDINBURGH and Glasgow have resolved to invite the Shah of Persia to visit these cities.

THE magistrates of Belfast have determined to prohibit all processions on the 12th of July.

BRADLAUGH, the Republican emissary to Madrid, has fallen into the hands of the Carlists.

THE United States Government is at a loss what to do with Capt. Jack now that he has surrendered.

AN accident occurred on the Great Western Railway by which twenty persons were injured—six seriously.

THE reception of the Shah of Persia in Berlin was the occasion of a great popular and military demonstration.

A DESPATCH from Rome says the Pope approves of the candidature of Cardinal Bonaparte as his successor.

THE Pall Mall Gazette publishes an appeal of the ex-Empress Eugenie to the people of France in favor of her son.

A RUMOR prevails that the Court of Appeals has given decision adverse to application of Stokes for a new trial.

TWENTY thousand persons attended the trades meeting held in Hyde Park, London, to promote the interests of labor.

THE French Assembly having made an appropriation to re-build the Vendome monument, adjourned until the 5th June.

THE Carlists under Don Alphonso have suffered a defeat in the Province of Barcelona and were compelled to seek safety in flight.

SEVERAL parties for the Pacific Railway Survey are now being organized, and will take their departure during the ensuing week.

A TELEGRAM from Gaspé announces the death by drowning of Captain Leblanc and three men of the Government schooner *La Canadienne*.

THE London Times urges the immigration of

the Chinese to East Africa as the means of bringing about the abolishing of the slave trade.

THE writ of *certiorari* applied for in the case of McDonald, the Bank of England forger, having been refused it is thought his extradition will follow.

THE Russian expedition against Khiva has been heard from, the several columns having sufficiently approached each other to establish communications.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales opened the new Town Hall at Bolton, and their Royal Highnesses were received by the inhabitants with the greatest enthusiasm.

By a circular to the Prefects, the Minister of the Interior urges the maintenance of Conservative principles, and the rallying of the people in support of order as the only means of restoring France.

THE Orleanists having refused to coalesce with the Legitimists and, also, with the Bonapartists, are said to have made propositions to the party of the Left Centre, or moderate Republicans, but without success.

GERMANY is said to take exception to MacMahon's address to the Assembly, and diplomatic relations will, in consequence, be of an informal character until France shows that the Frankfort Treaty will be faithfully carried out.

JIM BROWN, the alleged murderer of the two old ladies, Mrs. Johns and Mrs. Dozier, was captured at Richmond, Va., on 4th inst. He confessed the crime. The feeling against him is intense and it is more than probable he will be lynched.

THE Constituent Cortes assembled at Madrid on Saturday. A policy of order was promised. Spain was not concerned with any revolution in other European States and did not seek territorial aggrandizement. The abolition of slavery in Cuba was also promised, and the separation of Church and State advocated.

BOSTON has been visited by another devastating fire, which has laid in ashes a rich and populous portion of the city, and caused a loss of about two millions. The police rendered efficient service in keeping back the crowds that, as usual under such circumstances, threatened to seriously impede the efforts of the Fire Brigade.

TRANSFIXED.

The following rare bit is from the *Saturday Evening Post*: We shall never forget that evening we spent at Magruder's year ago. We admire Miss Magruder, and we went around to see her. It was summer time, and moonlight, and she sat upon the piazza. The carpenter had been there that day, gluing up the rustic chairs on the porch, so we took a seat on the step in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes and drink in her smiles. It seems probable that the carpenter must have upset his glue-pot on the spot where we sat, for after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking several of her smiles, we tried to rise for the purpose of going home, but found that we were immovably fixed to the step. Then Miss Magruder said: "Don't be in a hurry," and we told her we believed we wouldn't. The conversation had a sadder tone after that, and we sat there thinking whether it would be better to ask Miss Magruder to withdraw while we disrobed and went home in Highland costume, or whether we should urge her to warm up the poker, or whether we should give one terrific wrench and them ramble down the yard backward. About midnight Miss Magruder yawned, and said she believed she would go to bed. Then we suddenly asked her if she thought her father would have any objection to lending us his front steps for a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern. We think Miss Magruder must have entertained doubts of our sanity, for she rushed in, called her father, and screamed. Magruder came down with a double-barrelled gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut out the piece of step to which we were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before two o'clock crushed out our young love for Miss Magruder. We never called again, and she threw herself away on a dry goods man. There is a melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth, and reflecting upon the influence of glue upon the emotions of the human heart.

A wealthy Russian lady, Lidia Rodelrena, has just presented to the St. Petersburg Academy of Medicine \$40,000 to endow a department for the medical instruction of women.

It does not speak well for the good sense or good taste of American girls or their mothers that a lady visiting abroad—Dr. Mary Safford—makes such a report as the following:

"While visiting a school at Frankfort-on-the-Main I asked if there were American pupils, and the preceptor replied: 'No; we do not take them. They dress so extravagantly, they think and talk so much of their clothes, that they disturb the quiet, simple ways of our German girls, and we find that their influence does us more hurt than their money does us good.' In Dresden I knew an American lady who could not find a private school where they would take her daughter, for similar reasons."

MRS. JONES' PIRATE.

BY MAX ADLER.

A sanguinary pirate sailed upon the Spanish main,
In a rakish-looking schooner which was called the *Mary Jane*.
She carried lots of howitzers and deadly rifled guns,
With shot and shell and powder and percussion caps in tons.

The pirate was a homely man, and short, and grim and fat;
He wore a wild and a awful scowl beneath his slouching hat.
Swords, pistols and stilettoes were arranged around his thighs,
And demoniacal glaring was quite common with his eyes.



His heavy black mustaches curled away beneath his nose,
And dropped in elegant festoons about his very toes.
He hardly ever spoke at all, but when such was the case,
His voice 'twas easy to perceive, was quite a heavy base.

He was not a serious pirate, and despite his anxious cares,
He rarely went to Sunday School, and seldom said his prayers.
He worshipped lovely women, and his hope in life was this:
To calm his wild, tumultuous soul with pure domestic bliss.

When conversing with his shipmates he very often swore,
That he longed to give up piracy and settle down on shore.
He tired of blood and plunder, of the joys that they could bring;
He sighed to win the love of some affectionate young thing.

One morning, as the *Mary Jane* went bounding o'er the sea,
The pirate saw a merchant bark far off upon his lee.
He ordered a pursuit, and spread all sail that he could spare,
And then went down, in hopeful mood, to shave and curl his hair.

He blacked his boots, and pared his nails, and tied a fresh cravat;
He cleaned his teeth, pulled down his cuffs, and polished up his hat;
He dimmed with flour the radiance of his fiery red nose,
For, hanging with some vessel's wash, he spied some ladies' hose.

Once more on deck, the stranger's hull he riddled with a ball,
And yelled: "I say! What bark is that?" In answer to his call,
The skipper on the other boat answered in thunder tones:
"This here's the bark *Matilda*, and her Captain's name is Jones."

The pirate told his bold corsairs to man the jolly boats,
To board the bark and seize the crew and slit their tarry throats;
And then to give his compliments to Captain Jones, and say
He wished that he and Mrs. Jones would come and spend the day.

They reached the bark, they killed the crew; they threw them in the sea;
And then they sought the Captain, who was mad as he could be,
Because his wife—who saw the whole sad tragedy, it seems—
Made all the ship vociferous with her outrageous screams.

But when the pirate's message came she dried her streaming tears,
And said, although she'd like to come, she had unpleasant fears

That, his social status being very evidently low;
She might meet some common people, whom she wouldn't care to know.

Her husband's aged father, she admitted, dealt in bones,
But the family descended from the famous Duke de Jones;
And such blue-blooded people, that the rabble might be checked,
Had to make their social circle excessively select.

Before she visited him in the ship she wanted him to say,
The Smythes had recognised him in a social, friendly way;
Did the Jonsons ever ask him, round to their ancestral halls?
Was he noticed by the Thomsons? Was he asked to Simms' balls?

The pirate wrote that Thomson was his best and oldest friend;
That he had stopped at Jonson's when he had a week to spend.
As for the Smythes, they worried him with their incessant calls;
His very legs were weary with the dance at Simms' balls.

(The scoundrel fibbed most shamelessly. In fact he only knew
A lot of Smiths without a y—a most plebeian crew.
His Johnsons used a vulgar h, his Thompsons spelled with p,
His Simses had but one m, and they were common as could be.)

Then Mrs. Jones mussed up her hair and donned her best delaine,
And went with Captain Jones aboard the schooner *Mary Jane*.
The pirate won her heart at once by saying, with a smile,
He never seen a woman dressed with such exquisite style.



The pirate's claim to status she was very sure was just,
When she noticed how familiar that Jonsons he discussed.
Her aristocratic scruples then were quickly laid aside,
And when the pirate smiled at her reciprocally she sighed.

No sooner was the newer love within her bosom born,
Than Jones was looked upon by her with hatred and with scorn.
She said 'twas true his ancestor was famous Duke de Jones,
But she shuddered to remember that his father dealt in bones.

So then they got at Captain Jones and hacked him with a sword,
And chopped him into little bits and tossed him overboard.
The Chaplain read the service, and the Captain of the bark,
Before the widow's weeping eyes, was gobbled by a shark.

The Chaplain turned the prayer-book o'er, the bride took off her glove,
They swore to honor, to obey, to cherish and to love.
And freighted full of happiness, across the ocean's foam.
The schooner glided rapidly toward the pirate's home.

And when of ecstasy and joy their hearts could hold no more,
That pirate dropped his anchor down and rowed his love ashore.
And as they sauntered up the street he gave his bride a poke,
And said: "In them there mansions live the friends of whom I spoke."

She glanced her eye along the plates of brass, upon each door,
And then her anger rose as it had never done before.
"That Johnson has a h! that Thompson has a p.

That Smith that spells without a y is not the Smith for me."

And darkly scowled she then upon that rover of the wave.
"False! False!" she shrieked, and spoke of him as "Monster, traitor, slave!"
And then she wept and tore her hair, and filled the air with groans,
And cursed with bitterness the day she let them cut up Jones.



And when she had spent on him the venom of her tongue,
She seized her pongee parasol and stabbed him in the lung.
A few more energetic jabs were at his heart required,
And then this scand'ous buccaneer rolled over and expired.

Still brandishing her parasol, she sought the pirate boat;
She loaded up a gun and jammed her head into its throat;
And, fixing fast the trigger, then, with string tied to her toe,
She breathed "Mother" through the touch-hole, and kicked and let her go.



A snapp, a fizz, a rumble, some stupendous roaring tones—
And where on earth's surface was the recent Mrs. Jones?
Go ask the moaning winds, the sky, the mists, the murmuring sea;
Go ask the fish, the coroner, the clams—but don't ask me.

FLORENCE CARR.

A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE EVE OF THE WEDDING.

Accepted, and assured of his prize, Frank Gresham had not been in quite as great a hurry to make it his own beyond dispute as one would have expected.

What to some men would have been a source of mortification to him was rather a matter of pride and congratulation.

Having determined to neglect the daughter of an earl, and seek for his wife a poor mill lass, he went in for a good deal of what our American cousins would term bunkum.

"He could afford to please himself, and he meant to do so," he said, with a plentiful addition of opinions about a "bloated aristocracy," and third-rate expressions of the kind, which are far too much worn, and too soiled in the process to be worth or indeed fit for repetition here.

From which you may gather that although Frank Gresham had been favored with a good education, a moderate supply of brains, and pockets full of "brass," he was by no means the refined gentleman one would have expected to find in his position and with his advantages.

Much of this might, without doubt, be traced to his proud, indulgent, yet ignorant and low-born mother, for Frank had been her favorite,

while John, with his talent, even genius and upright, noble character, had always been tolerated rather than loved by her.

It was without doubt his mother's determined opposition to the match which made her pet son more intent upon it, and hurry it on.

In fact, it being the first time in her life that Mrs. Gresham had opposed him, Frank, like all spoiled children, felt decidedly hurt and aggrieved at her dreaming of doing so now, and Florence could not have had a greater ally than her bitterest foe, in hastening on the wedding day.

It wanted now less than a week to the time when the poor outcast was to exchange her humble home for the handsome residence taken for her by her future husband.

Her *trousseau*, which had been his gift throughout, was nearly ready, even to the white satin dress, lace veil and orange blossoms, which the bride was to wear.

Foolish and absurd as it was, the cotton spinner had determined to have a grand wedding.

Vainly Florence tried to persuade him otherwise. He was mad with parse-proud vanity and irritation against those who opposed or derided his choice, and he was determined to brave it out, to let the world see how little he cared about them, to be the talk of the town and neighborhood as a plucky, daring fellow; and also he intended to excite the envy of his male friends by exhibiting the beauty of his fair bride.

All of this vulgar ostentation accorded but ill with the feelings of the intended bride.

Poor and friendless as she was, she despised even more than she disliked the love of display which seemed to actuate not only her intended husband, but his choice acquaintances; and more than once the impulse came upon her, almost too strong to be resisted, to run away, while there was yet time, from the union which was not only distasteful to her feelings, but could only recommend itself from the worldly advantages to be derived from it.

She trembled, too, with a vague feeling of alarm at the prospect of being the object upon which so many eyes would rest with curiosity if not with admiration.

What if in the number but one should be there who had seen her before and would know and recognise her?

Her breath came quick and short, her cheek blanched, and her hand trembled at the thought.

She was striving for a rich prize, it seemed, yet one breath of suspicion, and how much would be revealed—how much would be lost.

Why think of it?
Obscurity might be safety, but it was torture, and a life of grinding toil was too new to her ever to be more than a temporary resource for a frantic, half-despairing nature.

"No, I have dared so much that I must go on to the bitter end," she groaned, fiercely.

Though even she could not picture the utter horror of the fate she seemed destined to tempt.

Mrs. Bolton, like many other weak-minded women who are in the habit of worshipping wealth, had grown civil, almost kind and affectionate to the girl who was soon about to leave them, and to whom fortune seemed to have been so exceptionally kind.

Moll alone was unchanged.

She was glad for her friend's sake though she more than doubted that the spinner would make a good husband to the woman whose only dowry was her beauty, and besides, her own heart was too sore and heavy, with Willie Bolton's sad fate ever before it, to make her either very joyful or even envious at another's good fortune.

Mrs. Gresham had gone through the formality of invoking her curse upon her eldest son if he married the girl, and had made a free gift of the same to Florence, whether she became her daughter-in-law or not, so of course she was not coming to the wedding.

John Gresham had been invited by his brother, but courteously declined, not that he cared much who Frank married, provided Lady Helen Beltram was not the bride.

His near relatives having declined, one would have thought Frank would have yielded to Florence's desire that they should be married quietly anywhere out of Oldham, without guests, noise or fuss.

But this would not have suited his ideas of bounce, show, and the importance he considered his wealth and position gave him in the town.

He intended to stop work at his mill, to give all his hands a holiday and a great treat on his wedding day, and let the world know that he, Frank Gresham, chose to take unto himself a wife.

As for guests, to such a wedding breakfast as he would order, there were dozens, nay hundreds that would be but too glad to come, and the expectant bride was silenced, if not convinced.

The gall of the fetters, though they were of gold, were beginning to fret her even before they were riveted.

What would they do if the time ever came when they could not be shaken off?

Thus the eventful day, or rather the eve of it, approached.

Everything was ready.

Moll had declined to be bridesmaid, not from want of friendship or affection for the bride, but because she thought it would be a tacit forgetfulness of Willie Bolton.

Poor Willie, innocent or guilty, there he is in his stone prison, herded with felons, denied the beauties of spring and summer, denied everything that could make life bright and happy, and to him even the thought of wedding bells must, in his present condition, seem a mockery.

So Moll, out of love for the poor felon, would not attend the rich man's wedding, and Florence, callous, cold and selfish as she was, had sufficient gratitude left in her towards the one being who had treated her well, without hope of reward, to appreciate Moll's motives, and determined to stay with her to the last, and go from her house to church.

Thus, sadly cramped as they were for space, all the bride's preparations were made and stored up in the two little rooms, and so gracious had Florence become now she was leaving her hard lot, as it seemed for ever, that Moll's friends were allowed to feast their eyes upon the beautiful *trousseau* prepared for the bride.

Among those thus favored was Jem, the deformed girl.

She not only came, but stayed some time, and, upon leaving, received a small present from the bride elect, which she eyed so curiously that one might have supposed she thought it a piece of fairy workmanship which would disappear almost as soon as it was grasped.

The tiny gold brooch was genuine enough, however, and, chuckling over it, Jem hobbled away like some wicked sprite who considered all she had seen a capital jest and snare that, like the transformation scene in a pantomime, would disappear, leaving scarcely a rack behind.

As this was to be the last night of his bachelorhood, Frank had explained to Florence that he had invited some of his old friends, many of whom were to take part, or rather form the party at the wedding, to spend the evening with him; hence he should not be that night at the cottage.

Unlike many a bride elect, Florence received the explanation with perfect good temper, as indeed she always did any excuse the young mill owner gave for absence from her side.

No one could say she was exacting towards him; indeed, I am afraid on the whole that he would have been better pleased had she been a trifle more anxious for his society than she ever seemed to be.

It was perhaps the secret of her hold upon his fickle heart. He could have sacrificed her, but for her very indifference towards him and the little pains she took to hide it.

A true, noble-hearted woman's love would have been thrown away upon him; it would indeed have been like casting pearls before swine; he would have trodden, soiled, and trampled upon it, but the very consciousness that he had not so much as touched this woman's inmost soul threw a fascination over her such as an ignorant and imaginative boy might feel for some new and unexplored land.

However, the time between anticipated and actual possession is becoming short.

Everything is ready, the license has been procured, the carriages are ordered, dress-makers, tailors, and cooks have been at work for the last week, and all is arranged and provided for, and the bridegroom is going to entertain a select party of "jolly dogs," for the last time.

The revel, for it usually degenerated into that, was to take place at the spinner's private rooms at the mill, specially adapted for bachelor parties, and where they were all entitled to make as much noise as ever they liked.

Being the last of these social gatherings, the host determined to finish off with what one might metaphorically term a flourish of trumpets, and consequently a very delicious supper of oysters, lobsters, pies, patties, and champagne was ordered in before the real amusement of the evening commenced.

Among the guests were half-a-dozen fellows who were strangers, or comparatively, so, to Oldham.

Men whom Gresham had met years ago at Rugby, come across two or three times after intervals of time since, and whom he had not without difficulty hooked, as they termed it, to come and see him turned off at church on the coming day.

Two of them were officers in the army, quartered with their regiments not far off, three others were barristers, briefless you may be sure, and the sixth was an author, of whom I need say little more than that he was a friend of Edwin Leinster, the artist, who was likewise present.

Add to these a dozen choice spirits from the neighborhood, and you have the company.

Supper was over, champagne had flowed pretty freely, followed by brandy and other spirits, and the tongues of the party had well kept time with the drawing of corks.

They were getting tired of their nigger melodies and other performances; some indeed had discreetly left and gone home to bed, fearful of appearances in the morning, so that only a dozen out of about twenty remained.

"I say, suppose somebody spins us a yarn," suggested the host. "Now, Blackie, you used to be a famous one at it, in the old days; suppose you begin now."

"Aw, well, I don't mind if I do," responded Lieutenant Blackie, lazily removing the cigar from his moustached lips.

"And as you are to be married and done for to-morrow, Gresham, the story I'll begin with may suit you. It's true; perhaps, that's the worst of it, for it happened to a fellow I know as well as I know you, and what became of the girl is, I believe, still a mystery. But I saw a face to-day for a moment that brought it all back to my mind as freshly as though it had happened yesterday, instead of a year ago."

"That woman's face has haunted me all day long. I don't think she saw me, but she gave me the slip as though she did. I'd give a hundred pounds to meet her again, for I am sure it is she."

"Here, we don't want gloomy stories to-night," interrupted Gresham, almost roughly. "I'm going to be married to-morrow, it's true, and I'm not going to be frightened out of it to-night. Tell us something jolly, Blackie, or else drink the bride's health and say good night. It's three in the morning, by George!"

"I can never refuse a toast to a lady," replied the lieutenant, gallantly. "By the bye, what's she like?—handsome, of course."

"I should think she is; if you doubt me, judge for yourself."

And the half-tipsy bridegroom elect handed his guest a locket, in which was a splendid copy of Florence Carr's lovely face.

Was it the heat of the rooms, the effect of the wine he had drunk, or some sudden and terrible recognition that made Lieutenant Blackie's face become colorless, and his eyes extended as if with horror?

I cannot tell, and he would not, but dropping the locket on the floor as though it had stung him, he muttered something about being ill, staggered and seemed as though he must have fallen if one of the others had not caught him in his arms.

In reply to every question he only shook his head, and requested to be taken back to his hotel, and put to bed.

So his brother officers, with Leinster, expressed their willingness to go, and the rest of the party, having a damper put upon them, almost immediately broke up.

"That face," muttered the lieutenant again when alone, "and Gresham going to marry her! It must not be; yet how can I prevent it; yes, how?"

Sleep settled at last upon his weary and heavy eyelids, but left the question he asked himself still unsolved.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"BLOOD! THERE IS BLOOD UPON HER!"

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," says the old proverb, and certainly the sun shone brightly enough on this day, the one fixed for the marriage of Frank Gresham, the cotton spinner, with Florence Carr, one of his own mill hands.

It might have been a day of mourning in many houses; no doubt it was so, for joy to one person but too often implies and inflicts pain and misery upon another.

But Frank Gresham thought nothing of this when he opened his eyes, later than he had intended, on this identical morning.

I might find it somewhat difficult to describe his sensations, hence will leave the matter to your imagination.

He was to give up his old, wild life, and settle down into a sober, respectable member of society, and the thought of this helped to calm, if not to damp his otherwise excited spirits.

"I suppose it's what everybody has to go through," he muttered, by way of self-consolation, as he tried, for the twentieth time, to tie in some peculiar fashion his white cravat, and he had scarcely completed the performance, when a servant tapped at the door, and informed him that Lieutenant Blackie had called, and was anxious to see him.

"Confound the fellow, what does he want with me at this hour of the morning? Tell him I'm dressing, and shan't be ready in time for church."

"Aye, sir."

The servant departed, but returned again immediately with the message that Lieutenant Blackie was sorry to disturb Mr. Gresham, and would delay him as little as possible, but his business was of the utmost importance, and he must see him before he went to church.

Not a little surprised, and not without indulging in a few oaths, the young mill owner ordered the man servant to show the visitor up, and then make himself scarce.

"A queer time to insist upon seeing a fellow, Blackie," he said, in a petulant tone, as the young officer entered the room.

But his tone and look changed to one of concern, almost apprehension, when he noticed the extreme pallor of the soldier's face.

"Why, what's the matter, man?" he demanded, with real sympathy and concern; "you seem horribly down in the mouth."

"Yes; and I haven't a pleasant piece of work before me. Are we secure from eavesdroppers?"

The tone and manner were so unlike that of the usually frank, reckless officer, that Gresham was more awed and impressed than he cared to admit.

"It wouldn't be good for any of my folks to be listening here," he replied, opening the door and closing it again with an attempt at bluster; "and now," he went on, "out with it, whatever it is; my time's short."

"You need not be in a hurry. If my fears are correct, you won't go to church to-day."

I will spare you the spinner's retort. In any case it was not a blessing on his companion, and it was a minute or two before he could sufficiently calm himself to listen to the explanation of the other.

"You showed me the portrait of the lady you intend to marry last night," said the visitor, kindly though firmly. "Let me look at it again. If she is the woman I believe her to be, she cannot become your wife."

"Why not?" demanded Gresham passionately.

"I will tell you in good time, and let me remind you, my dear fellow, that I am acting now on your behalf to save you from what you

little dream of, so pray spare your anathemas for those who deserve them."

Somewhat overawed and impressed by the stern face of the speaker, Gresham very slowly and sulkily handed the locket with the portrait inside it to his companion.

Long and earnestly did the lieutenant examine the fair face outlined and imprinted there, and when he lifted his eyes from it, there was evidently a doubt, though it might be a faint one, visible on his countenance.

"Well?"

It was all that the expectant bridegroom said, but the single word asked and meant much.

"There is just the chance and possibility that I may be mistaken—I don't think I am—still I must see the original to be positive."

"But what are you driving at? Confound it, man, do you take me for a dolt or an idiot, to keep me gaping here while you talk about a mysterious something as though you were going to reveal an awful tragedy?"

"Perhaps I have some dreadful tragedy to unfold," replied Blackie earnestly. "Can't you trust me for one hour, Gresham, and take me to see the woman you are about to marry before you go to church. There is time enough yet, and I would spare you both if I can."

"No. Tell me what you mean now — at once, or hold your tongue and leave me."

"No, I won't tell you until I am quite sure that the girl you are about to marry is the criminal I suspect her to be."

"Criminal!" gasped the cotton spinner.

"Yes, criminal; if the commission of crime can make a woman so. All I ask is to see her before you go to church to make her your wife. If you refuse, you must take the consequences; I shall have done my duty as your friend."

"Why not tell me now?" urged Gresham, more humbly.

"Because, if I am wrong, I shall have slandered an innocent woman. That I will not do. Surely what I ask is no great thing. We have plenty of time to drive to her residence; I have a fly at your door."

"So be it," returned the would-be bridegroom, doggedly; "but if you've made a blunder or a fool of me, by Heaven, you shall pay for it!"

The soldier bowed his head, unmoved by the threat. Perhaps he felt there was but little risk or doubt upon the question they were about to solve.

Hurriedly finishing his toilette, and looking strangely gloomy for a bridegroom on his wedding morning, Gresham, accompanied by the lieutenant, entered the cab waiting for them, and drove off to Gretty's Cottages.

"How long have you known this lady?" asked Blackie, as they rode along.

"About six months."

"She is not a native of the town, I suppose?"

"No," was the brief reply.

"Do you know anything of her connection or family?"

"Only what she herself has told me."

"Or of her previous history?"

"No; except from her own account."

"Strange. You wouldn't think she had been married, I suppose?"

"Married!" and the young man burst into a laugh, a hearty, genuine laugh too. The terrible something which he had dreaded seemed to be melting into the thinnest vapor.

Florence, his Florence married! The idea was simply preposterous, and he looked at the friend by his side more than once, with a most decided doubt as to his sanity.

Even Blackie was for the moment shaken in his belief.

Was it possible that he had been betrayed into making all this fuss in consequence of a fancied, even a strong resemblance between a photograph and a woman with whose life he was but too well acquainted?

The thought made him nervous and uncomfortable. If, after all, he was mistaken, what a blundering, meddlesome fool he would look.

Thus he thought as the fly drove on, and a cloud settled over his fair manly face, while that on the countenance of his companion had disappeared.

Indeed, for the moment they seemed to have changed places; the bridegroom, at least, was himself again.

By this time they had reached Mud Lane, and the fly presently stopped at Gretty's Cottages.

The two young men alighted, then stood amazed, looking at the house they had meant to enter; for the shutters were closed, and the door and little wooden gate locked, the latter with a padlock, as though the occupants had gone away for a lengthened time.

"Her courage failed her at the last moment, I suppose?" remarked Lieutenant Blackie, feeling likewise somewhat relieved.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed the spinner, hotly. "There were two other women living with her; they couldn't be afraid of you, or any lies you can tell. There's been foul play here, I tell you, and I'll make you all suffer for it."

The officer's face reddened at the insult, but his companion paid no heed to him, cared nothing indeed for his anger.

He was like a wolf robbed of its young; a lion of its mate. Treachery and violence had been at work, he knew—was sure of it, and it was but natural, even though it were unjust, to turn upon the nearest of the possible causes of the disaster.

A few minutes later, and a knot of people, nay, a small crowd had collected round the door of the humble cottage.

It will be remembered that Gresham's mill had stopped working for this day, and all the hands were to have holiday and a treat at the master's expense, in honor of his wedding; hence there were many of Frank's own hands at home on this eventful morning.

His anxious inquiries soon brought a chorus of answers.

"Us thort they war ga'ing to a grand haouse to be wedded fre'," replied one woman.

"Us seed the haouse shut up," added another, "but us thort nought about it, sin' it war the wedding day."

"Praps the mither's come an' took'd her away," suggested another.

Frank, however, knew but too well that some dreadful tragedy had taken place, otherwise the bride and her two companions would not now be shut up in those darkened rooms, or missing.

Knocking at the door had been fruitless, and at this moment, as if to complete their dread and wonder, a handsome carriage and pair, hired, it is true, with wedding favors, and bringing in it an old gentleman, a friend of Gresham's, whom he had persuaded to act the part of father to the bride, drove up to the gate, before which stood the wondering crowd.

"This grows serious," remarked Lieutenant Blackie, anxiously.

"Aye, I should think it does. Here, break the door in for me, my men."

"Had we not better send for a policeman?" suggested the lieutenant.

"Policeman be hanged!" was the reply.

"Here, help me, my men."

And the next instant the door of the house gave away and fell back from their united strength.

"Back! the police! water! Look to your master."

It was the voice of Lieutenant Blackie, who spoke as he stood with his back to the darkened room, holding the crowd at bay.

Well might he turn his back on the scene which lay behind, and demand that the officers of justice should be sent for.

The sight of it had made Frank Gresham stagger and fall back like a dead man, and the rough, coarse, good-natured faces of the men around him waxed pale as they saw his condition, and the vague something which lay, stretched so motionless upon the ground beyond.

Evil news flies apace. Five minutes after, and the police were on the spot, and had taken possession and charge of everything; while, before another hour had sped it was rumored all over the town, that murder had been done during the still, silent night, and that mourning and horror, rather than marriage feasting and rejoicing, had come to visit them that bright May morning.

As for Frank Gresham, when he opened his eyes after the deathlike swoon which had come upon him when his eyes saw that pool of blood, and the motionless human form lying by it, it was not to sense and reason, but to the vague, shapeless delirium of brain fever.

They carried him home, not to his rooms in the so often noisy mill, not to the house he had furnished with such lavish wealth for his intended bride, but to his mother's house, the house which had till recently been his home at Bankside.

Mrs. Gresham had put on mourning this day. Deep, thick, heavy mourning, with a profusion of crape and jet, without one speck of white to relieve its sombre gloom.

Her son, she had announced, her eldest born, her best beloved, was dead to her; died this morning, which he termed his wedding day, and she had put on the garments of woe for him accordingly.

Very stern, hard, and set her handsome face looked, and so stately and proud was her carriage and bearing, that she might have claimed an earl instead of a pothouse keeper for a father, and none, not knowing to the contrary, would have dared to contradict her.

Scarcely had she descended to the morning-room, and reached the window which looked out upon the carriage-drive, when an equipage drawn by prancing white horses, and adorned with wedding favors, entered the grounds.

Words fail me in trying to paint the hatred, scorn, and white, speechless fury which came over the proud face of that woman, clad from head to foot in her sable garments.

Her eyes blazed like coals of fire; her breath came thick and fast, as she noticed it was the bride's carriage which thus boldly dashed up to her door.

Spell-bound with agony and rage, she stood there, watching it as it paused at the door.

No blushing bride or triumphant bridegroom stepped from it, however.

Instead of that, a form, the form of a man with white face and fair hair, was lifted from it, and as she recognised that face, the spell which held her was broken, and with a wild shriek she rushed out to meet her son.

As she laid her hand upon him, he opened his eyes, then seeming to recognise, shrunk from her with horror, muttering—

"Blood! blood! There is blood upon her!" and when she persevered, he even thrust her from him violently.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

The clock had struck ten, and the three women, for the last time, sat down to supper in Moll Arkshaw's humble though pretty sitting-room.

"Aw shall miss thee when thee's gone, lass," said the Lancashire girl, turning to her companion whom she had befriended, with a wistful look on her bright, healthy face.

"Yes; and I shall no doubt look back to the quiet hours I have spent with you, Moll," was the reply. "You have been very kind to me, and I hope, if I ever have the chance, I shall not forget to return it."

"Don't yo' talk on it, Florence. I've only done to yo' as aw'd be done by, and thee's no ca' to speak on't."

"Ah, thou'rt a rare gude un, Moll," said Mrs. Bolton, who had buried her enmity to Florence for this night, in consideration of its being her last with them.

"Now, mither, do na say no more about un. Yo's got all the traps ready, Florence, arn't thee?"

"Yes, thank you, Moll. The boxes are ready packed to send to the hotel directly I leave here in the morning, and my dress is all ready to put on. I am only sorry that you won't come to the wedding, Moll."

"Na, thank'ee, lass. Aw'll go to the church and see thee married, but aw'll na go with the grand folks; and aw tak'it very koin'd on thee, lass, to stay wi' us to the last, and leave here for the church. It shows thou'rt not ashamed on thy poor friends, and it's more nor mony a lass would ha' done."

"I wonder how Frank gets on to-night with his bachelor party? I daresay the fellows with him are pretending to read the funeral service over him."

"More likely they'll be singing and getting drunk," returned Mrs. Bolton. "Thar war some officer chaps coming to the wedding, I heard, and they'll be sartin to be thar."

"Yes, I remember Frank told me so, but I forgot to ask their names."

"Eigh, but aw didn't, though. One war Cap'n Bracket, and t'other was Lieutenant Blackie."

"Who?" half shrieked the girl.

The old woman repeated her information in a more emphatic tone, failing to notice the strange pallor which came over the girl's face, or the singular manner in which her hand trembled.

For at that moment, late as was the hour, there was a knock at the front door.

"Aw'll see," returned Moll, straightway going to the door and opening it.

"Good even', lass. Be moy aunt gone to bed?"

It was John Barker, Willie Bolton's cousin, who asked the question, and seeing his aunt in the room, he stepped into it almost uninvited.

"Mither's worse, aunt, and she's sent me for yo'," he said, addressing Mrs. Bolton.

"Eigh, aw'm sorry fur't, but aw canna go to her to-night," was the positive reply.

Florence had taken a candle in her hand and walked into the inner room on the entrance of the visitor.

A few seconds after and Moll followed her.

The young man bent over as thou to whisper to the old woman, saying—

"Eigh, but, aunt, she wants to tell thee summut—summut about Willie."

"Aw will na go to night, aw tells yo'," was the positive reply.

The next moment there was a gasp, a sob, but so low that it was unheard by the girls in the next room.

A handkerchief, saturated with chloroform, had been pressed upon her mouth and nostrils, and the next instant she lay back in the chair senseless.

Cautiously as a snake in the grass, the man slipped to the front door and opened it, admitting two confederates.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVANCE OF RUSSIA IN ASIA.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Public attention has recently been directed to the movements of Russia in that far-off region known as Central Asia, a land of which we knew next to nothing a few years ago, when Vamberg, at the peril of his life, penetrated to the heart of its mystery, but which is now rising into importance in view of these aggressive movements. For centuries past one object has undeviatingly occupied the attention of the Muscovite race. Since Czar Ivan, early in the sixteenth century, imagined the establishment of a great Tartar kingdom, all the emperors of Russia have made the accomplishment of this object a prominent feature of their military policies.

The eastern limit of their country bordered, throughout the long range of the Ural, on Western Asia, while in the Caspian Sea they possessed a water-way reaching far into the central regions of this continent. But the Asiatic borders of the Caspian are sandy deserts; and long after the conquest of the Tartar kingdoms of Kazan and Astrakhan extended the Russian dominions to the Ural, an unaccountable ignorance of the vast regions beyond these mountains prevailed.

In the year 1580, a Cossack leader of a band of robbers, being outlawed by the government, led his two hundred adventurers across the Ural. After pillaging the Tartars until his band became too much reduced to maintain itself, it occurred to Yermak to return to Moscow, announce his discoveries and make peace with the czar. The robber at once became a hero, and

was given command of an expedition for the conquest of Siberia. Within eighty years from the date of this movement nearly all the Siberian tribes were subdued by Russia.

From this not very creditable beginning arose the long career of Muscovite conquest in Asia. The Cossacks, conquered by Russia about the middle of the fifteenth century, have ever since served as her military pioneers, and have been indispensable in this Asiatic movement. This hardy race overran Northern Asia with remarkable rapidity, and in 1639 stood on the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk, having in about fifty years taken possession of the whole vast width of Siberia, and established many thriving settlements. Spreading southward, they discovered the Amoor River, that magnificent stream which traverses the western half of Siberia, and opens a grand water-way to the Pacific.

Here they had no longer the barbarous Tartars to deal with, but infringed upon the borders of the great Chinese empire, through whose northern limit this river ran. In their daring depredations upon the Chinese villages they suffered a signal defeat, followed by a treaty which secured China from molestation for two hundred years.

But in these two centuries China had been going down and Russia up the hill of progress; and when the next aggressive movement was made, in 1854, the result was in strange contrast to the futile efforts of the seventeenth century. A strong fleet sailed down the river, built forts and quietly took possession of the whole north bank. A treaty with China followed, which wrested from the latter kingdom this acquisition, together with an important province on the Pacific to the south of the river. The northern half of the island of Saghalien was seized, and in 1861 an important island in the Straits of Corea was annexed. A year or two ago Russia drove out the Japanese garrisons from the southern half of Saghalien, and coolly possessed herself of the whole island. These forcible acquisitions have given her a very important coast-line on the Pacific, and she will have a controlling voice in the future of that region.

The Russian influence is being gradually extended more and more southward into the Chinese empire, and at any moment her astute politicians may discover that her natural boundary-line lies somewhere in the heart of Chinese Tartary. For years she has been preparing for such a discovery.

While thus possessing herself of the vast extent of Siberia, with all its great wealth of metals, minerals, fur-bearing animals, timber, etc., together with the fertile soil of the south, so prolific in agricultural products, she has been no less active in other directions. South of Western Siberia lies the immense region possessed by the Kirghee nomads, a mighty desert, yet with oases and mountain valleys that give subsistence to a considerable population, and to vast herds of cattle, sheep and horses, the property of these wandering tribes. The Muscovite plan of conquest embraced this region, and for years Russia has been quietly extending her influence over the inhabitants, till now her authority is almost supreme. By cajolment of the simple-minded natives, by purchase, by forcible seizure, by cunningly aiding their dissensions and establishing agents among them so as to take advantage of every opportunity of aggrandizement, and by severely punishing every aggression on an established fort or settlement, this authority of Russia has been extended, till the whole vast desert region has been devoured by the hungry Russian empire. Every acquisition has been secured by a line of forts, successively abandoned as the boundary stretched southward, while important towns, such as Kopal and Vernoje, arose in the region left behind by the onward sweep of aggression.

Michie, in his "Overland Route," tells us; "The Cossacks at the Russian stations make raids on their own account on the Kirghee, and subject them to rough treatment. An outbreak occurs which it requires a military force to subdue. An expedition for this purpose is sent every year to the Kirghee steppes. The Russian outposts are pushed farther and farther south, more disturbances occur, and so the front is year by year extended, on pretence of keeping peace. This has been the system pursued by the Russian government in all its aggressions in Asia."

This movement, however, is but a means to an end. South of these steppes lie the settled regions of Central Asia, the thickly populated kingdoms of Toorkistan, on which Russia has had for centuries a covetous eye. This region, too, is in great measure a desert, its nomad inhabitants being more warlike than the Kirghee. It includes, however, three great oases, with several smaller ones, in which the soil is of the highest fertility. Each oasis has its distinct government, forming the khanates of Khiva, Bokhara and Kokan, which have been ruled with the most absolute tyranny. Their principal cities—Khiva, Bokhara and Samarcand—which appear vast in the mirage of Oriental extravagance, and the latter of which has a reputation reaching far into antiquity, are described by Vamberg as chiefly mud-built towns, far below the Persian cities in character, while these latter are immeasurably below the grade of a European city. Through this region run the two great rivers of Central Asia—the Syr-Daria, which empties into the Sea of Aral, and the Amoo-Daria, which traverses Khiva and Bokhara, and has its mouth in the Caspian.

Toorkistan is the headquarters of Islamism, its inhabitants displaying a fanaticism and a fierce intolerance which make the life of an European not worth an hour's purchase throughout the whole region. Vamberg, in his travels in this country, was in constant danger, though he had spent years in perfecting himself in the

language and in the habits of a dervish, and though he travelled in all the rags and discomfort of the most bigoted fanatic. No portion of the earth making the least claim to civilization can equal this in ignorance and fanaticism. Their Islamism is of the most rabid cast, and so intolerant that they endure the members of the opposing sect of the Mohammedans, to which the Persians belong only as slaves. The fierce Toorkoman tribes of the desert diversify their pastoral labors by piratical excursions on the Caspian and by raids into Persia, whence they annually bring large numbers of captives, to be sold into slavery in the neighboring oases.

This exclusiveness, which has rendered the khanates to the present day almost *terra incognita*, has kept their inhabitants in ignorance of the world of outside barbarians. They imagine that the mantle of strength and intelligence, which in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries rendered this region the richest and most enlightened in the East, and its cities centres of Islamic learning, has descended upon their shoulders, and they despise the exterior infidels accordingly. The Turkish invasion of Europe, and the dismay into which it threw all Christendom, remains to them a thing of yesterday, and they entertain extravagant ideas as to the power and influence of the Sublime Porte. To their ignorant fancy Europe still bends in cringing submission to the Turk, and they imagine that a bare promise of assistance from the Sultan would drive the invader in terror from the holy soil of Toorkistan. They depend also on two other powerful aids against aggression. One of these, and the most effective in our eyes, is the extensive deserts surrounding their territory. The other, which in their view is far more efficacious, is the large number of Moslem saints buried in their soil. They seem to imagine that the bones of the saintly dead will rise against aggression and form a spectral cordon utterly impassable to infidel feet.

The aggressive movement of Russia in this direction dates back to 1602. In this year the Cossacks took the city of Khiva, but were attacked and defeated in their return across the desert. Again, in 1703, during the reign of Peter the Great, the khan of Khiva placed his dominions under Russian rule. But since the commencement of the present century a change in the ruling dynasty has destroyed the friendly disposition of the Khivans, and they have become bitterly hostile.

It was not until 1835 that the modern advance really began. In that year a post on the eastern shore of the Caspian was seized and a fort built, while several armed steamers were placed upon this sea for the purpose of suppressing the Toorkoman pirates. In 1839 war broke out with Khiva, and a Russian expedition was sent into the latter country. It proved unsuccessful, except in frightening the khan into the release of some four hundred Russian prisoners whom he held.

But the most available avenue of advance into this region was its rivers, the desert proving a dangerous obstacle to land expeditions. The most favorable of these in position—the Amoo-Daria—is full of shifting sand-banks, and its waters are drawn off to such an extent by the irrigating canals of agriculturists that it is not safely navigable. The Syr-Daria is navigable for a long distance, and forms the only safe route to Kokan through the wide desert that intervenes.

Russia made her first hostile appearance on the Sea of Aral in 1847, building a fort at the mouth of the Syr. This excited the hostility of the Khivans, and several attacks occurred. Steamers were accordingly brought, in sections, from Sweden, and put together upon the Syr. These advanced up the river, in connection with a land expedition, which marched through the fertile belt along its shores. Several conflicts occurred with the Kokanians. The latter had built a strong fort about six hundred miles up the river, which was used as a base for incursions upon the Kirghee.

For two years the Russians sought to take this stronghold, and finally carried it by assault. This was a severe blow to Kokan, who attacked with a force of 13,000 men the Russian garrison of 1,000, but was defeated by a sortie of the latter.

Year after year the movement up this river continued, till finally, in 1864, the important town of Tashkend was seized, and in 1866 a large portion of the khanate was occupied. This aggression excited the hostility of Bokhara, whose forces had in 1862 conquered Kokan. The emir proclaimed a holy war against the infidels, religious emissaries were sent throughout the country, and "Death to the invader!" was everywhere preached. By such means a powerful force was soon raised, and the Russians defeated, the latter having marched into Bokhara for the purpose of liberating Colonel Struve, the imprisoned Russian ambassador.

But while the emir was exulting over his success, his foes were completing their conquest of Kokan. In May, 1868, deceived by an eastern movement of the Russian forces, the emir again proclaimed a holy war, and marched against the Russian garrisons. The troops of the czar rapidly returned, entered Bokhara, defeated the forces of the emir, and took possession of the city of Samarcand. Thus was the foot of the infidel at length planted upon the very heart of unadulterated Mohammedanism, in a city the date of whose origin reaches back beyond the birth of history, and the story of whose first capture is one of those remote legends which have floated down to us from pre-historic ages.

The furious Mussulmans vigorously sought to retake this holy city, driving the Russians into the citadel, where they were closely besieged

for eight days. They were relieved, however, and the emir driven from the city. In July, 1868, a treaty of peace was made, whose terms were highly advantageous to the Russians. Samarcand was ceded to them, along with three other stations, shrewdly chosen to give them military control of the country. Other important advantages were gained, the long policy of seclusion being ended, and fixed rules of commercial intercourse established. During the five years which have since elapsed the Muscovite power has been more and more strengthened in this quarter, till the two khanates are now virtually provinces of the great Russian empire.

While these events were transpiring, Khiva, the most westerly of these kingdoms, lay unmolested. Its occupation, however, was an established part of the programme, and this portion of the military game is now being played. Russia is preparing a force which will be irresistible by the barbarous troops of the khan, and within another year all Central Asia will be but an outlying province of that mighty, growing empire which now embraces the whole of Northern Asia and of Eastern Europe.

But this last movement has excited opposition in another quarter. England has long viewed uneasily these aggressive movements, which brought an ambitious power within striking distance of her Indian possessions. It is not the open acts, but the secret intentions, of the czar that she fears, and her late protest is called for by reasons not visible on the surface.

For what we have detailed is but the apparent flow of the Russian stream into Asia. Beneath this military wave lies a strong current of diplomacy which the astute Muscovite has been for years industriously forwarding, and a vital change in the habits and modes of thought of the Asiatics which the leaven of civilization is producing. She is not content with the work of the sword. The school and the newspaper, settled government and security to life and property, accompany her progress. The conquests of the Cossack are rapidly succeeded by the advance of the farmer, with his family and stock. Every fort becomes the centre of a thriving colony, and all the advantages of civilized life are laid open to the grasp of the wondering barbarians. Russia has gone into Asia to stay, and she is taking a course which his rapidly converting her late foes into quiet and contented subjects.

In a political point of view, Russia is becoming the central figure in Asiatic affairs. She has impressed the value of her friendship on all the nations, and by the aid of gold, diplomacy and all the tricks of policy has gained a footing with her influence much farther south than her sword has gone. The Russians, in spite of their fair complexion, are more than half Asiatic, and know how to meet the Oriental on his own ground. No plain-dealing suffices here. Craft must be encountered with craft, policy with policy, patience with patience. Time is seemingly a matter of indifference in their calculations. Each works for the weak point of the other, and will spend hours over a matter which a blunt European would cut through with a word. Hence it is that the Englishman is at such a disadvantage. The Russians understand not his bluntness, nor he their intricacy of diplomatic intrigue, and they prefer to be cheated diplomatically than served directly.

The Russian diplomat has all the suavity of his Asiatic congeners. He can glide through their closest nets of policy without displaying an angle of his body. He conforms to their customs, and allows them to delay and prevaricate to their hearts' content. But a point once gained, he is unyielding. He is an adept at bribery, has emissaries everywhere—is, in fact, at home in Asia, and is too fully imbued with the Oriental spirit for European patience. As Michie says, "You must beat about the bush with the Russians. You must flatter them and humbug them. You must talk about everything but the thing. If you want to buy a horse, you must pretend you want to buy a cow, and so work gradually round to the point in view." This well illustrates the character of Asiatic diplomacy, and shows how the astute Russian has made his way with the half-barbarous Orientals.

The Briton in India pursues a strikingly different course. There is no assimilation between him and his subjects. His conviction of superiority induces an arrogance which the natives bitterly resent. He is not only overbearing toward them, but worse yet, he fails to appreciate the hereditary difference between them and himself, and constantly offends their prejudices and interferes with their local customs. The submission of India to England is greatly the result of fear, and lacks that feeling of interest and citizenship which the Russian implants in the minds of his new subjects.

No one can predict the result of these movements. Within ten years Russia has absorbed Central Asia. In Lower Asia her influence is becoming preponderant. Persia has been bought over, and is ready to become her tool. Afghanistan is treacherous to the English and a friend to the Russian. Secret agents of the court of St. Petersburg are supposed to be constantly on hand in these countries, taking advantage of every opportunity to advance the Muscovite interests.

The Cossack advance is within fifteen days' march of India, and England has reason to be alarmed at the approach of this ominous cloud of war. In the event of a war between the two powers at home, how long would the mountain barriers of Northern India protect her soil? Were the Cossack troops strengthened by a powerful force of Afghan and Tartar recruits—warlike races for whom the Sepoys are no match—and strengthened by Mohammedan defection in

India, the rule of England in this region would be greatly imperilled.

Projects are on foot which may give Russia a continuous water-way from St. Petersburg to the foot of the Hindoo-Koosh Mountains. Thus massed in force on the northern border of India, with a fertile and submissive country in the rear and the warlike and friendly Afghans in front, India would lie open to invasion at any time that European troubles might give pretext for such a course; and in the event of any home difficulty between England and Russia, we may safely look to the war's being transferred to the plains of Hindostan, and fought out on the banks of the Ganges.

MY DEAD CLIENT.

Sitting alone in my chambers: I have dismissed my clerk, there being no chance of clients calling at this late hour; and, indeed, I myself ought to be off westward, but I sit, dreamily gazing into the glowing embers, my mind wandering to other scenes and to times long past. There is a great wind out-of-doors, and it is howling and roaring in the chimney. It rushes in violent gusts across the Thames, which is now as rough as a little sea, and seems to spend its force upon the Temple, as if the spirits of broken-hearted suitors, victims to forged evidence, disappointed lawyers, unjust judges, were abroad upon the blast, endeavoring to wreak their vengeance upon the piles of buildings they so diligently haunted in their lives.

Why do I still sit here? I hardly know. From no love for my gloomy chambers, assuredly. The fact is, I have nothing particular to do this evening, and I have fallen into a reverie: old faces and old scenes are crowding upon my memory—bright eyes and golden hair—low whispers and soft hands! Ah! I know no such things nowadays; but it is sadly pleasant to remember them. Pleasanter, perhaps, to sit here thinking of them than to be fighting my way along the gusty streets toward the club for my solitary dinner, with the prospect, afterward, of a lonely evening in my lodgings. Time was when I hoped my evenings were not to be forever lonely—when I looked upon one fair young face, and thought the eyes looked more than kindly at me. But that hope soon passed, and it has never come again; and I do not think it ever will.

A knock at the door—a soft, solitary knock. What can that be? Was I mistaken? No! there it is again. I rise hurriedly and go to the door—open it: outside is standing the figure of a woman. I can hardly see her, as the passage is but dimly lighted.

"Is this Mr. Grantley's place?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Grantley. What is it?"

"I wish to speak to you for a moment. I am afraid I have not come at the right time, but please let me speak to you for a moment."

There is a hurried earnestness in her manner; and I admit her, close the outer door, and place a chair for her by the fire. Now I can see her plainly: apparently a young woman, but her face is marked by sorrow and suffering. She is plainly dressed; but I take her to be a lady. For a few moments she sits silently gazing into the fire. Does she see there any of the scenes that I have been gazing at? I wonder, vacantly.

"Mr. Grantley, I will tell you shortly why I am here. Some years ago you were intimately acquainted with George Marr?"

"I was indeed. Poor fellow!—if you could tell me where he is now, you would indeed be welcome."

"You also knew Denis Hilton?"

"Yes, I did."

"Are you as anxious to know where he is at this moment?"

"I can not say I am. Friendship existed between us once. His conduct broke that friendship in such a manner that it can never be renewed."

"I know it. He slandered you, Mr. Grantley."

"Pardon me. It can hardly be for the purpose of reminding me of unhappy circumstances, now long past, that you—a perfect stranger came to me thus?"

"No, it is not. I have come here to intrust you with something. I have heard your name mentioned often; and I know that you are an upright and honest man, and I may trust you."

"Before you go any farther, I must remind you that you have not yet told me who you are."

"There is not the slightest need that you should know my name. I hate my name—it shall not pass my lips unnecessarily. The favor that I am about to ask of you is a very slight one at present; and I believe that you will not refuse me."

"You are about to confide something to me. It is unreasonable that I should ask why you confide in me, if I may not ask who you are?"

"I confide in you because, from what I have heard of you—it is no use to ask when or where," she breaks in, hurriedly, as she sees the question in my face—"from what I have heard of you, I believe that you will faithfully comply with my request."

She rises from her chair and gathers her shawl about her, as if to go out into the stormy night again.

"What is it? What is this request you so strangely make to me?"

From her pocket she draws out what seems to be a letter, sealed.

"Take this packet. When you next see me in this room—quit not before—open it, read the

contents, and then act as your honest conscience bids you."

I take the packet mechanically. She adds nothing more, and in a moment or two I am alone again in my chambers, peering into the embers as before.

I am more than ever disinclined to move. What can there be inside this mysterious packet? I must put it away carefully. Have I ever seen this woman before? No; I can not recall her features. And then, what can she know of George Marr and Denis Hilton? We were all three at college together, and at one time were great friends. But that is a long while ago. Denis and I did not continue friends; for upon one occasion—the particulars of which there is no necessity for me to mention now—his conduct was such that high words passed between us, and our intimacy came to an end. But Denis had great influence over George Marr, and they continued to be as much together as before. The consequence was that Denis Hilton

prejudiced George against me—or, at all events, succeeded in keeping him away from me—though George and I had at one time been inseparable. It is three years ago now, nearly since I last saw Marr; and I have heard that he has left England, having got into some pecuniary difficulties, the exact nature of which I never learned. Ah, George! why did you not come to me, as you would have done in old times? Why did you not confide your misfortunes to me, and see whether I could not help you out of them? Well, well; it's no use thinking about that now. What is Denis Hilton doing with himself, I wonder? I hear his name occasionally in connection with turf matters; but from what I have heard at the club, I don't think his reputation stands very high. A sullen, evil-tempered man, who breaks out now and then into gay and boisterous spirits; but that is only when he has had plenty to drink. No one likes him—no one calls him friend.

I really must go now. Staring at the red-hot coals, and mentally surveying the past, may be very useful employments, but exhausted nature requires to be restored. I must go to dinner.

The months passed on. Summer came, and my gloomy chambers positively became somewhat cheerful; but in proportion as they grew cheerful I grew restless; for I had had enough of reading and writing, and was longing for a holiday. The packet given me by my mysterious client still remained safely where I had deposited it, and I believe I had almost forgotten all about it; and, indeed, whenever I did think of it, I endeavored to satisfy myself that it was quite possible the woman who had given it me was only some harmless lunatic, who had been acquainted, in her sane days, with Marr and Hilton.

I was going to pass three months upon the Continent with an old Oxford friend of mine; and the morning before our departure I was busy packing up, and my traveling companion was in my sitting-room, consulting "Murray" and the Continental "Bradshaw." I was in the bedroom, which communicated with the sitting-room, and the door was open. Suddenly my friend called out:

"I say, Grantley, do you ever study the second column of the *Times*?"

"Of course I do; but I have not had time to look at it this morning."

"Do you remember Marr, who was at Oxford with us?"

"Yes, to be sure," I reply, entering the room.

"What about him?"

"I see he is advertised for. Listen:

"£4100 REWARD.—The above reward will be given to any person or persons who can give such information as will lead to the discovery of George Marr, son of the late Colonel Thomas Marr, of Marr Court, in the County of Gloucester. The said George Marr was last seen in London, in November, three years ago, and has not been heard of since. It is supposed that he emigrated either to America or Australia. The same reward will be given on satisfactory proof of the death of the said George Marr. All communications to be addressed to Messrs. Bingley & Bell, solicitors, Gray's Inn."

"I know that firm," I said. "I should like to ask some questions about this. Marr was a great friend of mine, as you remember."

I managed to find time, in the course of that afternoon, to call in at Gray's Inn, and I saw Mr. Bell. From him I learned that George Marr's elder brother was dead; and as he left no issue, the estate devolved on George—failing him, on a cousin; and this cousin was naturally rather anxious to know whether George was alive or not. Private inquiries had been made fruitlessly in all directions; but it was hoped that some information might be obtained by means of the advertisement which had appeared that morning in the *Times*, and had been sent for insertion in American and colonial papers.

Well, we went abroad to spend our holidays; and so pleasantly did the time pass that the long vacation seemed uncommonly short; but as what we did and where we went have nothing to do with the main point of this story, I must come at once to the day of our return to England.

It was the last day of October. The autumn of that particular year broke up hurriedly, and winter seemed to be already upon us; and when we arrived at Calais the weather was so stormy that some doubt was expressed as to the possibility of the mail-boat crossing the Channel. However, we hurried on board—those of the passengers, that is, who had no time to spare, and were bound to be in London that evening; many staid behind, intending to wait for calmer weather. I think we were nearly four hours

crossing, the wind and sea increasing in their fury; and when we were safely in harbor at Dover the storm rose to a hurricane. Many persons had gathered together on the pier and quays, waiting to see the boat come in. As I was walking toward the railway station, I particularly noticed one figure in the crowd. It was a man closely muffled up, who, I observed, was continually glancing first over one shoulder and then over the other, as if to see if any body was following him. His face was a peculiar one, and it seemed not unfamiliar to me. I heard him ask a custom-house officer what he thought about the weather, and would it prevent the night mail from crossing. The custom-house officer merely replied that the weather was about as bad as it could be, and that the boat would cross if the captain thought it could be done in safety. It was not till I was comfortably seated in a corner of the railway carriage, and half-way to town, that I remembered to whom that strange face belonged. It was Denis Hilton that I had seen at Dover, evidently intending to cross over that night if possible.

On that night the storm raged on. The papers, the next morning, were full of accounts of great damage that had been done by the violence of the wind; and its fury had not moderated when I walked down to my chambers.

I was busily engaged in the perusal of a case which had been sent for my opinion, when I fancied I heard the sound of a confused murmuring, and of many footsteps upon the staircase. A minute or two afterward there was a lurching at my door. It was opened by my clerk. I heard a whispering outside, and then my clerk came hurriedly into my room, with a horrified expression on his face, and said:

"It is the Thames police, sir; they have brought something for you to see."

"Let them bring it in," I answered, rather astonished.

Great Heaven! What's this? Four men bring in a stretcher, upon which is lying something covered up.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said one of the men. "We found this here in the river this morning."

He partially removes the covering.

My God! It is the same woman who called on me nearly ten months ago, and left a packet in my charge.

"Why have you brought her here?" I ask.

"On searching her this bit of paper turned up."

The man handed me a crumpled piece of paper, on which I could read these words: "If ever my body should be found drowned, let it be taken to the chambers of Mr. Grantley, in the Temple. He will know what to do."

"Policeman," I began, "I have only seen this unhappy creature once in my life; and I cannot imagine—"

"Beg your pardon, sir," interrupted the man; "but you are a lawyer, and you know as there must be an inquest. Wouldn't it be as well to reserve anything you have to say for that occasion?"

I saw at once what the man hinted. I might be implicated in her death. So I merely observed:

"All I say is, that I have not a notion who she is, nor who her friends are. You had better take the body to the usual place; and I shall be quite ready to attend the inquest, and give all the information in my power."

Silently the men bore away their ghastly burden, and I was left alone. Now, then, to open that packet I was to read the next time she who had given it to me should be in my room. She had come to me again, and I began to suspect that I understood the motives of my Dead Client. I took the packet from its place of safety, broke the seal, and read as follows:

"If you keep the promise which I shall ask you to make when I place this paper in your hands, you will not read this letter till I am dead. If I do not die in the manner in which I firmly believe that I shall die, it is possible you may never read it at all; but I know what must happen, sooner or later, and I leave to you the task of first avenging me."

"You will say, 'What has this woman to do with me? Why am I to avenge her?' My answer is—You were once George Marr's best-loved friend."

"Six years ago I was a happy and light-hearted girl. All my future life seemed to smile upon me, and I had a happy home. But love came to me, and, insensibly at first, all my happiness faded away. It was at a small party in the country that I first met George Marr and Denis Hilton. Both of them paid me great attention; but I liked the former, and disliked the latter. Time passed on, and George and I grew to love each other; but suddenly my father took a violent prejudice against him, declared that George had been making love to me against his—my father's—desires, and forbade him to enter the house again. So strict a watch was kept on me that I had no chance of communicating with him, and for six months I saw and heard nothing of him. Then Mr. Hilton began to come frequently to our house; my father liked him, and was constantly throwing him into my company. He was kind and gentle in his behavior, and sometimes he would talk about George, but it was in a reserved and cautious manner; but at last I learned from him that George was married. What could I do but scatter to the wind my shattered love? What could I do but accept Denis Hilton for my husband, a few months afterward, when urged passionately by him and strongly by my father?"

"I could not love him—there was something in his nature that prevented me from doing that

—yet I strove to be a good and obedient wife to him; and for a few weeks I believe I was contented. But I soon discovered that he had a terrible propensity for drink; and though he had kept a careful guard over himself while he was courting me, and for a short time after our marriage, the old habits soon came back upon him, and night after night he would come home terribly intoxicated; and when in this state he would be madly jealous about me, and would fancy that there was some one concealed in a cupboard, or in one of the rooms, and would compel me to go through the house with him, and search every place. His dissolute courses were the cause of his losing an excellent appointment which he held and consequently we became very poor indeed; and we had to remove from our pleasant quarters in Bayswater to a small house in Chelsea, close to the river. Denis's manners, too, became so violent when the effects of drink were upon him, that we never could get a servant to stay with us any length of time. One day, after he had been particularly outrageous the night before, our two servants left saying they would not stop another hour. Denis went out in a great rage, and I was left alone.

"I was sitting solitary that dark November evening—crying, I think—mourning for the lost happiness of earlier days, when there came a gentle knock at the door. I ran to open it, and there I found George Marr."

"George Marr!" I exclaimed. "What are you come for?"

"To see you, Fanny," he replied. "I passed you accidentally the other day. You did not see me. I watched you in here. I had not time to try and see you then, as I was engaged. May I not come in?"

"You can come in, if it will afford you any pleasure," I answered. "I should scarcely think it could do that. What makes you wish to see me again?"

"What makes me? Oh, Fanny! I have never ceased to love you."

"We were now in the sitting-room."

"Hush, Mr. Marr. How dare you speak to me like this?"

"Why not, Fanny? Good Heaven! you are not married?"

"I am—to Denis Hilton. What reason had you to suppose that I should keep true to you, when you were so soon false to me?"

"False to you! Never for an instant."

"George, they told me that you were married. When I learned that you had so forgotten me I abandoned all hope."

"Who told you this?"

"My husband—Denis Hilton."

"He told an infamous lie!"

"Perhaps he did; but it answered his purpose," said another voice, in mocking tones.

"I had left the street door open, and Denis himself had staggered in, just sober enough to understand what was going on."

"I told you, Master George," he continued, "that you weren't always going to have it all your own way with the girls."

"Denis went back into the passage, and closed the front-door; came back into the little parlor, and closed that door too."

"And now you think you are going to make up to the old love, do you?"

"I say that you are a scoundrel, Denis. I care not so much for your having tricked me as for your being her husband, and showing yourself before her the drunken brute you are."

"What! Say that again. Drunken brute, eh? How often have you been here before — you, Marr—when I have been out, eh?"

"Never before this evening. I have been abroad. I never even knew that you were married."

"You lie—and I will have your life for it!"

"Denis sprang furiously upon him, and there was a short scuffle. They both fell—Denis uppermost. They fell close beside the fire-place, and Denis, seizing the poker, struck George Marr twice heavily upon the forehead."

"You will not come again, I think, he muttered, savagely, after the last blow."

"What have you done, Denis?" I shrieked.

"He looked up at me, with a malignant smile upon his face."

"You and I have killed him," he replied, in a low tone.

"Killed him!—I! I have done nothing. You villain! I will call the police."

"No, you won't," he said, rising. "What had happened seemed to have quite sobered him. 'Sooner than that you should do that, I would serve you the same. Don't be a fool, Fanny—the law will believe you to be as guilty as I am. See here; and he took a pocket-book from George Marr's breast: 'there are plenty of bank-notes inside. We are known to be wretchedly poor. If this is discovered, we shall both be hung.' He hissed this last word into my ear. 'Come, we must hide it away.'"

"Hung! I believed him. I believed that I should be thought to be his accomplice in the murder, and I feared to die. Oh, what a coward I have been! I have done worse than die every day since then; and yet — the trial! the sentence! the scaffold!"

"All that night, nearly, we worked stealthily—at least he worked, while I lay on the ground close to him; and he removed, after great difficulty, three flag-stones from the floor of the little cellar, dug out a grave beneath, and there, at this moment, lies George Marr!"

"I have little more to tell. I vowed that vengeance should one day overtake Denis; but I dared not trust myself to do the task, for fear of its falling through my weakness. But I had often, in happy days gone by, heard George speak of you, Mr. Grantley, as a brave and hon-

orable man, and to you I commit the trust of retribution. I know that Denis fears that I shall not keep the secret. I know that he meditates my death. I know that he will one day kill me, and throw my body into the Thames, for he has often threatened it. While I live my lips are sealed. When I am dead, let justice have its course.

FANNY."

The number of the house and the name of the street where the murder was committed were accurately given, as was a definition of the spot where the remains of my poor friend would be found.

The advertisements for George Marr had been fitfully continued, and I saw that all I had to do now was to place this document in the hands of Messrs. Bingley & Bell. Without loss of time I hurried off to Gray's Inn, not unaware that a buttoned-up individual was following my footsteps. The police no doubt, were keeping an eye upon me, in consequence of the direction that the body should be brought to my chambers.

Mr. Bell read the document attentively. "I see no reason to doubt the genuineness of this," he said. "We must instruct the police to watch the house at Chelsea, and search it as soon as we can get a warrant; and then we must lay hold of this infamous Denis Hilton."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed—"I had forgotten. I saw him at Dover last night. He was evidently intending to cross, but the rough weather prevented the mail-packet from starting."

"Then we must stop him at once. The wind has scarcely abated its violence, and it is quite possible the boat may not have started yet."

We went up to the Southeastern Railway station. There we learned in a few minutes, by telegraph, that the boat had not yet been able to leave Dover. Mr. Bell, myself, and two police officers in plain clothes went down by special train. Arrived at Dover, the two detectives set about their inquiries, and Mr. Bell and I talked upon the pier. The pier was not at that time nearly finished, but on account of the roughness of the weather, the works were for the time suspended. On in front of us, toward the end, I saw a muffled figure which I thought I recognized.

"There he is," I whispered—"there stands Denis."

"And here come the detectives," said Mr. Bell.

They had evidently learned where they were likely to find the man they had described. It was arranged between us that I should go up to him first; and so I walked on ahead of the others. The murderer was leaning against a pile of massive stones, his back toward me. I passed him, turned back, and looked him in the face.

"Denis Hilton," I said, "do you remember me?"

He bent his yes upon me; and I never shall forget the expression in them. I saw in a moment that no law could harm the man—for he had become insane!

After gazing at me for a few minutes or two, he said,

"How do you do, Grantley? I am glad to see you. I have a strange thing to tell you. You see this whirling, raging, boiling sea? You would not think that a small craft could live in it for a moment, would you? And yet all yesterday afternoon, all last night, and all this morning my wife and George Marr have been in a boat tossing about the pier. The waves break round them and over them, but they will not sink! If there was a third in the boat, I think they would!"

He said these words quite calmly, and looked me full in the face. Then, with a wild and awful cry, he sprang from my side and leaped into the foaming water. Once only we saw his livid upturned face; and then my Dead Client's business was completed!

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

BY NED P. MAH,

OF MONTREAL.

I, R. Terry FitzJones, Esq., was a full-fledged doctor at last, duly authorized to bring into the world, or send out of it, to kill or to cure such fortunate or unfortunate specimens of male or female humanity as the thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to, might induce to seek my assistance to be treated to the best of my judgment as a healer of the flesh, and my sincerest sympathy as a man and brother. Yes, I had won my diploma—and I was not a little proud in the inward certainty that I had also won the esteem of my fellow-students and the favorable notice and good-wishes of the professor of my college. Indeed, I had found time during the leisure moments of my preparatory discipline to win something more—the affection of a delightful little creature, all light and smiles, and sunshine, who seemed in my eyes at least, as nearly the realization of what an ideal woman should be, as any young practitioner of the healing, or any other, art may reasonably hope to meet with in this imperfect sublunary sphere of ours. My darling, Anna Thunle, was only waiting till I found my practice sufficiently remunerative to give some tangible guarantee for my ability to offer her a comfortable home in which to eliminate her unparalleled stock of

domestic virtues before becoming, with her revered papa's consent, Mrs. FitzJones.

Now, it so happened that in the little community, half town, half village, in which I made my first appearance as a professed disciple of Esculapius, there was an old grey-haired, venerable, fatherly, cautious, slow but very safe doctor, who had enjoyed of late years an almost entire monopoly in the district, and whom by a strange perversity of nature most people seemed to prefer to the new dashing young surgeon, with all the latest improvements in the cut of his coat and the manufacture of his instruments of torture. In vain did I put into practice all the small ruses, which tradition had sanctioned, or my own ingenuity suggested, as the most feasible for the attainment of favorable notice and speedy patronage from my neighbors. In vain did I run up and down my own doorsteps in haste and at frequent intervals with the muddiest of boots; in vain did I send round Jalapp, my boy in buttons, with medicines that had never been ordered, to be left by mistake at houses whose inmates had never been sick, and afterwards called in with profuse apologies and a liberal use of my name which appeared in large type upon the neatly labelled packages of ointment, lotion or pill. In vain did my groom, as I sat in Sabbath meeting beneath the Rev. Josiah Drawaway, in wrap attention to the glowing peroration contained in the fifth section of his discourse, steal with stealthy swiftness down the aisle, tap me on the shoulder, whisper anxiously into my ear, till I rose, and with a face in which an expression of the deepest concern struggled admirably for the mastery, with a sense of decorum proceeded to the door, where, before the porch stood my fast trotting mare hurriedly hitched to the highest of buggies into which I leapt and dashed away through the long street in the face of the astonished congregation just issuing from the Methodist chapel—at a speed that told that I was bound on a matter of life and death at the very least.

No, it was evidently in vain to attempt to cut out the old doctor, so the only thing to be done was to sit down quietly and wait for his death or retirement from professional duties, one of which events, as the hale old gentleman had already exceeded the threescore and ten years, which biblical authority allots as the fair duration of human existence, might be reasonably expected to occur at no distant period.

Meantime, I gladly accepted a suggestion made by an old friend of my father's that I should receive under my roof his only son with a view to his preparation for the profession I had embraced.

It was in the spring that my pupil first became a resident beneath my roof. In the winter it became advisable to procure some specimen of defunct humanity, vulgarly called "subjects" in the slang of the dissecting-room, for the more practical illustration of our anatomical studies. The exact manner in which I determined to obtain these or the precise channel through which they reached their destination it is needless here to specify. Suffice it to say that late one moonlight night I drove up to my door behind my fast trotting mare and proceeded with Tom's aid to extricate an oblong case, legibly labelled as fish, which was closely wedged beneath the seat of the vehicle I had occupied. Our next care was to excavate a space of sufficient magnitude in the deep snow with which the recent storms had liberally filled the limited square formed by the fine planked fences of the backyard, and to deposit therein with due regard to their better preservation till required, the contents of the deal packing case.

It was near midnight one evening after this that it became necessary for me, with a view to the due explanation of a difficult point in our studies, to obtain a book from the library which lay at the back of the house, its windows overlooking the yard in the rear. As I knew the whereabouts of the work in question I proceeded to search for it without the aid of a lamp. My fingers had just come in contact with the cover of the volume upon the table when my attention was attracted by a noise as of scratching accompanied by the fierce snorts and snarls of a dog, and, in looking out I beheld, by the light of the moon, a large mastiff who was tearing and worrying at the frozen snow, and gleaming horribly in the white beams, a long lean white hand which the brute had extricated from its icy grave, waved with a ghastly semi-circular sweep at each fresh effort of the animal to disentangle the body of which it was a member from its congealed surroundings. Raising my eyes, I perceived two human heads overlooking the tall fences, their owners engaged in eager gesticulations, but whether occupied in urging the brute to renewed exertions or endeavoring to call him off, I was unable to determine. I hurried back to the room where Tom was pouring over his book, his head resting on his two hands in close proximity to the shaded lamp.

"Tom," said I, "I want your assistance for a moment," and hastening to the bed chamber I seized a pair of shears and hurriedly divested myself of the long growth of beard and whisker, and then with a sharp razor proceeded to make my cheeks as smooth and hairless as those of the boy at my side. While thus occupied Tom, at my request, was busily engaged in reducing the ambrosial curls, which flowed in luxuriant tresses upon my shoulders, to the severe shortness which characterized his own *coiffure*. We had scarcely brought our labors to a termination when a thundering knock, followed by a noisy ringing at the street door made us both start. "Stay here, Tom," said I, "I will answer the summons," and, slipping a freshly sharpened,

shining skating iron into either pocket of my pupil's fur overcoat which hung in close proximity to the front door, I proceeded to give admittance to the stranger whose hasty summons had alarmed us. A tall, portly man, tightly buttoned in a closely fitting overcoat of military cut entered the house and was ushered by me into the consulting room.

"Doctor Fitz Jones within?" inquired he. "The Doctor is attending a case in the neighborhood," I replied, "but if the matter is urgent I know where he is to be found and will summon him at once."

"Have the goodness to do so," he replied, "I will await him here."

I slipped on my pupil's overcoat and was out of the house in a second. A policeman trampling heavily along the pavement, apparently on the ordinary duty of his beat, was passing the house as I went out, and halting a moment at the street corner surveyed me keenly as I passed. I continued unmolested at a quick pace for some distance, and then, rounding the corner block, ran with all my might down the dark side of the street towards the river. Once upon the frozen surface I adjusted my skates, which fitted with a spring to my strong laced boots, and darted away at the top of my speed along the broad piece of smooth ice which extended its uninterrupted spread on either side of the rough ice blocks which had accumulated in the centre of the stream.

I had proceeded in this way for some two miles when I became aware of a sleigh, drawn by a spare, white, wiry screw, stretching himself in a long gallop, which was evidently in pursuit, and rapidly gaining on me, in its progress over the road upon the river bank to my left. Fortunately I was rapidly approaching a bay or inlet of the river which here ran between an island and the bank of the stream, presenting to the skates a clean surface of some two miles in width, and causing a *détour* of several miles in the road which skirted its bank. Felicitating myself on this circumstance I urged myself to renewed exertions, but what was my horror when glancing over my shoulder after a run of some minutes to perceive that the sleigh supposed to contain my pursuers had left the road and was now proceeding at a hand gallop in a direct line across the smooth surface of the ice. In vain I redoubled my efforts, the horse, evidently a fresh one, refused to be distanced. Already I could hear, in the intervals of the "skim" of my own skates upon the black ice, the rapid click of his hoofs upon the glasslike road, nay, even the short quick sobs which the speed at which he travelled evoked from his panting chest, and the angry shouts of his driver urging him to still more headlong speed. Then there was a mighty crash, something in the harness had given way or he had 'gone to prayers,' and stealing a rapid glance behind me I saw horse, sleigh and passengers rolling in a confused black mass upon the slippery way. Now, I had hope, and collecting my forces, I settled down into a swift even stride of something over fifteen miles an hour, which I continued in uninterrupted sequence till I approached the road leading from the city of — to a village upon the opposite side of the river. Here I perceived a likely looking cutter proceeding citywards at a sleepy pace. Quickening my steps I hailed the driver and requested him to convey me back to the village of —

"Don't much care for it," replied he, "going home. What'll yer give?"

I named a price somewhat in excess of his ordinary fare.

"T'aint worth the trouble," said Jehu, "but I'll put yer outer the opposite bank for a dollar."

"Done," cried I, and in moment we were speeding back towards the village.

Arrived on the crown of the bank my carter stopped and descended to disarrange the buffaloes for my more convenient exit.

I put the price of my liberty in his hand.

"But," said I, "just see if that bill is a good one."

He turned his back for one moment to the sleigh to examine it by the beams of the waning moon. That moment was sufficient. Before he could turn I had leaped into his seat, and, shortening the reins, belabored the fast trotting steed with the buckled end in a manner which could not fail to inform him that something more than his usual spirited style of going would be required of him that night.

Unmindful of the consternation of the disconcerted Jehu I sped away. A way through the long hours of the clear cold night, and as morning dawned drove with a rapturous sense of happy escape and future freedom into the court-yard of the chief hostelry of a little town beyond the lines.

The change of residence thus strangely brought about proved in the end to my advantage. In the little town of my adoption I soon succeeded in establishing a practice sufficiently remunerative to enable me to dispense with the preparation of pupils, which I had found so dangerous an undertaking as a means of increasing my income, and am in hopes of inducing my adored Anna very shortly to change her somewhat peculiar surname for the more noble appellation of FitzJones.

A minister who was changing his living took for the text of his farewell sermon Acts xx. 22, "And I go bound in the spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me." "Ah!" said the laird, loudly enough, "weel kens he that the stipend is fifty pun better than the stipend here."

PEOPLE WHO NEVER GET ON.

There are people in this world who seem to be so constituted that they keep all they have and add more to it. There are others who are always losing their scant possessions and rarely finding themselves able to replace them. It begins in childhood with children of the same household. One will have her Christmas book with the gilt covers, her doll, and her fancy box, and little trinkets, almost as good as new the next Christmas. Nay, the doll will have a new wardrobe, and be fresher than at first. Her sister, with the same presents, will have torn her book into bits, broken her doll, given away her trinkets, and be quite unconscious of the whereabouts of the fancy box. They live in the same house, and have the same education, but one is different from the other, and remains so all through life. As a young lady, one never can find her thimble or her scissors, nor the book she wants, nor the music she has but half learnt; while her sister is never at a loss as to such matters. And as married women, one, with the same amount of pin-money, will possess fine clothes and jewelry, while the other goes shabby.

Two boys start in life with equal means. One finds himself, at forty, with a fortune; the other is wretchedly poor, and without prospects. The pennies he scorned to save have made the other a rich man, perhaps. Something has, at any rate. One has been no more vicious than the other; but while one has accumulated wealth, the other has not.

I am not sure that any thing can be done for people who are not born to get on. Something within them clogs their movement. We should no more be angry with them than with a cripple who cannot climb a hill. Nature made them so, and so they will stay as long as the soul cleaves to the mortal body. They are often good people, often desirous of being generous. They are generally people who can't say "No;" and the others are sometimes a little hard-fisted; but still, the good things of the world cling to the one class and fall from the other, who, for some inscrutable reason, known only to their Maker, do not seem to be born to get on.

RICHARD III.'S BEDSTEAD.

In the corporation records of Leicester, there is still preserved a story curiously illustrative of the darkness and precaution of Richard's character. Among his camp baggage it was his custom to carry a cumbersome wooden bedstead, which he averred was the only couch he could sleep in; but in which he contrived to have a secret receptacle for treasure, so that it was concealed under a weight of timber. After Bosworth Field the troops of Henry pillaged Leicester; but the royal bed was neglected by every plunderer as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterwards discovering the hoard, became suddenly rich, without any visible cause. He bought land, and at length became Mayor of Leicester. Many years afterwards his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was assassinated by her servant, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this culprit and her accomplices the whole transaction came to light. Concerning this bed, a public print of 1830 states that, "about half a century since, the relic was purchased by a furniture-broker in Leicester, who slept in it for many years, and showed it to the curious; it continues in as good condition, apparently, as when used by King Richard, being formed of oak, and having a high polish. The daughter of the broker having married one Babington, of Rothley, near Leicester, the bedstead was removed to Babington's house, where it is still preserved."

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

Religion does not shrink from the stern test which modern science insists upon applying to all things—the test of experience. We are told to be content with no authority, no command to believe this or that, for observation, experience, experiment must settle everything. We answer, "By all means; for then you cannot brush our beliefs aside with a sneer, a jest, a scornful word like unscientific." We also claim to be experimented upon. We assert that a vast and varied experience of men now living proves Christ to be the Lord of the dead, of the dying, of the death-chamber, and the dark hour. We say that He is to-day breathing not only calm, but exultation into numberless breasts at the approach of the King of Terrors. Hundreds are feeling to-day that when to live has been Christ, then to die has been something better than even the enjoyment of His favor here. What is that "gain?" Not the negative gladness of release from anguish; for they have not been the querulous and heavy-laden; and this would be counterbalanced besides by the wrench from full many a delight. It is to enter a brighter company; to drink of the river of life nearer to its sun-lit fountain; to stand in the vestibule of a statelier temple, and in earshot already of sweeter anthems than ours, ascending continually like incense unto God; it is the vision of Him whom we have not seen after the flesh, the touch of His hand, the serene profundity of His gaze. That is the death of him that "dieth not."

It has been proved that, after kindling his fire, an Aberdeen gentleman stuck a cork in the end of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them.

PEACHES.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD,
OF PETERBORO, ONT.

An orchard climbing up a steep hill-side, and hanging like a swallow's nest amid its fragrant bowers of pearl and rose, an old brick farmhouse mellow in hue as a golden pear with all the sunshine it had bathed in during many and many a summer.

At the foot of the hill a lordly grove of rustling maples "hidden to the knees in fern," a river flowing to the sea, and on the river the white wings of fairy fleets and the jetty smoke of great steamers.

Under a peach-tree, white, in a wedding garment of bloom, a girl feeding pigeons.

Up the orchard path, an enchanted roadway of incense and bloom domed with the high-lifted sapphire of a May sky, came a young man towards where the pigeons were cooling, fluttering, wheeling round the girl's head as, like some rural Divinity, she scattered them golden grain.

The young man is Hugh Pentrich, an architect and engineer; and the girl is—my heroine.

Hugh looked at my charming heroine who looked at him, a white pigeon poised on her pretty shoulder and her arch eyes brilliant as oriental amethysts in the pearly shadows of the peach-tree.

Hugh has since declared to me that the first glance of those orbs prostrated him mentally as a ball from a rifle in the hands of one of our "Canadian Team" would have done physically, and for the first time in his life my dear friend felt a violet-like sentiment of modesty upon his soul.

He blushed (yes! he asked me to credit that), stared, and was dumb.

"Good evening," said the Divinity, in the Dolly Varden chintz, cultivating a maddening dimple at the corner of each roseate lip. "You wish to see grandmamma, I suppose?"

"Ah—yes, if you please," said Hugh, gathering himself up (mentally) and whisking off his Panama with a bow worthy of Prince De Tallyrand, "Miss—ah—h—"

"Mrs. Lawrence," corrected the Divinity, a flying squadron of dimples, banneted by a blush sweeping across that face. "Mr. Pentrich, I presume?"

Hugh bowed and was lowered instantly into a coal-mine uncounted fathoms deep, from which, however, he re-ascended as speedily as he remembered that Mr. Lawrence had some two years before retired to the elegant privacy of a fashionable place of sepulture near Montreal, in the sunshine of which lucky memory he blossomed immediately into his full glory.

He ran his fingers through his brown curls, pulled his whiskers and threw out that chest of his (my Hugh is a blond young Achilles,) and as they walked up the remainder of the enchanted roadway to the house, the head of the Divinity, an Ary Scheffer-like creation, was just on a level with his shoulder.

How pretty she was, how sweet, how gracious! What ripples of silver stirred the canopy of peach-blossoms when she laughed, what quivering rose tints died and were born in those lucid cheeks! What arch lights made themselves arrows in those eyes and were planted in Hugh's manly bosom.

"A flight of fairy arrows aim'd
All at one mark, all hitting,"

by that arch deceiver, with the wings and the bandage over his baby eyes, an arrant young knave, that same Cupid who leaves a hole in the bandage to spy through.

"Grannie expects you," said the Divinity. "Your mamma was an old and dear friend of hers, she tells me."

Hugh was coming to spend the long summer there with a letter of introduction in his pocket and a porte-manteau full of plans for a new bridge near by, which he was to superintend.

Grannie proved to be a most bewitching old lady with soft curls of silver framing her sweet face, and eyes bright with a certain glory which had its birth beyond the stars.

Before Hugh went to bed in a room over the orchard, he was conscious of two things, firstly, that the late Mr. Lawrence had shown himself a man of equal discernment and good-nature by retiring to the seclusion remotely referred to before in the family vault, and secondly, that he (Hugh) shouldn't care in the least how soon old Charon brought his ferry round to paddle him over the Styx if Rowena, that was the name of the Divinity, proved ruthless and placed her dainty slipper on the delicate bud of his young affections.

He fell asleep with the incense of the peach-orchard swaying round him, and dreamt that he and Rowena were rushing through space on a thousand horse-power engine decorated with garlands of peach-blossoms to spend their honeymoon on the glittering shore of radiant Hesperus.

I am in the office of Hugh's "chef," and when that estimable old gentleman turned black in the face one fine day with rage, and handed me over one of Hugh's business letters, with a margin devoted to portraits of Mrs. Rowena crowned with roses, and asked me if I knew what young woman with snub noses (he called that nose, "tip-lifted like the petal of a flower," a "snub!") had to do with engineers?

I felt called upon to reply meekly, (I am not rich my friends) that as engineers indubitably nothing, but as men perhaps a great deal.

He looked thoughtfully over this and said: "Ha! hum! Perhaps such may be the case, Mr. Compass. I have heard that young men are addicted to sentiments other than professional. I never was myself. Scratch out the young woman's face and docket the letter, if you please."

I scratched out Rowena's charming little phiz with rose-colored ink and a gold pen, and felt that my poor Hugh was up to his ears in that ambrosial quagmire, yecept love; and the next letter I had from him, *parole d'honneur*, it was early in July, they were engaged.

It was a chilly evening about the end of September, and Rowena wrapped up in the reddest of shawls, tripped down the maple-shaded sidewalk of the village to do an errand for grannie at the store. The moon was doing a fine illuminating business, just coming over the hill with a pink mist rolled round her golden head, and though the leaves of the maples were rustling in an aerial ocean of her bounteous silver largesse, beneath them on the sidewalk it was as dark as need be.

Rowena was a shade pensive. Hugh had not been near her all day, and what woman, except perhaps a female lawyer, (only perhaps, remember) does not resent her lover being able to exist twenty-four hours, if within reasonable distance, without sunning himself in her eyes?

Rowena sighed, and this and a pair of the nearest kid "bottines" you ever beheld brought her opposite the village hotel, an arcadian looking building tricked out in a vast hop-vine, and standing like a hermit in a hollow square of poplars pointing great spires of verdant foliage to the rolling globes of gold twinkling above.

There was a bright light in the hotel parlor, and as Rowena tripped past she looked in mechanically over the snowy muslin blind and instantly stood still as white as any little ghost that ever flitted through a churchyard, her eyes fixed on the snug parlor and on the *tableau vivant* therein displayed.

There was Hugh standing in the full light, looking distractingly handsome, and with his faithless right arm round the lithe waist of a lovely woman, a fair-faced Juno, crowned with glimmering golden hair, and into whose upraised eyes he was looking down with the most pronounced tenderness, and as Rowena looked he bent and kissed the pink cheek more than once.

Alackaday! here was a pretty affair. Rowena's cheeks blossomed like roses, her eyes opened wide and sparkled, finely her little figure straightened like an arrow, and presently she marched into grannie's with her head in the air, and was so gay in her talk and laughter, that grannie never noticed that the pretty little engagement ring, a sapphire set in a circle of pearls, was not on her finger, and that once or twice the corner of her sweet lips quivered, but not with a smile.

Next morning Mr. Hugh had a pleasant surprise when he was handed a neat little package containing the ring, his own vignette, and two or three little billets he had written to Rowena, tied all together with a knot of carnation ribbon, and on it pinned a slip of paper with this legend written on it:

"I saw you last night with her. It is all over between us. I never wish to see you again.
R. L."

Hugh was too honest-hearted a man, too sincere and whole-souled to experience that ecstatic joy which frequently possesses the masculine mind when its owner has succeeded in rendering the woman who loves him as miserable as only a jealous and loving woman can be.

He said "Confound it! here's a pretty business!" and instead of laughing in his heart at poor little Rowena's jealousy, as would have become a man of the world, he tore up through the nodding maples and crisp ferns as though he had come in for the seven-league boots and was going to run a race in them with the slim young god with the winged heels.

The red September sun was playing finely over the old house and a crisp wind coquetted with the Tyrian splendors of the Virginia creeper running up to the very eaves, as Hugh stalked up under the bare peach-trees beneath which in their spring glories he had first seen Rowena, and dear old grannie was visible on the veranda trotting about amongst her flower-stands, but no golden head caught the sun, and no sweet eyes sparkled and drooped as Hugh looked eagerly about him.

An aromatic perfume, warm and ambrosial as might have issued from the *cuisine* of the Olympian Dieties where the nectar was brewed, stole out on the air from the open kitchen window, in sudden puffs and honeyed gusts.

Had Hugh been gifted with the valuable accomplishment of being able to see round a corner, he might have seen in that kitchen a woe-begone little face flushed feverishly, as its owner sat by a great basket of peaches under the open window, the sunlight playing as many tricks through the flaunting vine leaves as a kitten, while her nimble white fingers quartered the blushing fruit, and her sad little heart was trying to push his own image out of its golden door, and from the shrine in that little temple in which he had sat secure.

But as Hugh could not see round a corner he marched up to grannie, looking quite ferocious, his handsome eyes as dark as thunder clouds, and his fine lips set in a rigid line, for by this time he was very angry, and in that mood when men rush off to the North Pole or to the interior of

Africa, to get away from a haunting face that yet flits before them on the driving surf or floats in the tropic haze and will not be forgotten or left behind.

That Rowena, whom he loved—and how much that means with a man like Hugh—could imagine him false, was as grievous a blow as could well have struck him, and, like many a wiser man, for once in his life he did a very foolish thing. He became uncontrollably angry.

He was a perfect gentleman; indeed had he been a scavenger there was a certain innate chivalry and kindness about him that would have shown brightly through the mud, and his low voice was gentle as usual as he poured out his wrongs to sympathetic little grannie, and wound up with what the papers style "a glowing peroration."

"I won't explain," he declared, "if Rowena does not trust me so far as to believe that I meant her no wrong, it is better that we should part. Why, grannie, if all the world pronounced her as false as hell, if she looked in my eyes and said, 'Hugh, I am true to you and I love you with all my heart,' I would believe her."

Grannie could only cry a little at this, and entreat him to explain, as she was confident that Rowena was breaking her heart about the matter, "and remember, my dear," she said with simple eloquence, "that you love each other, and that love is as sharp to wound as hate, and leaves a far, far deeper scar."

But Hugh had mounted so very lofty a charger of dignity that he was deaf to grannie's charming voice, and got up from the rustic bench beside her with an air of haughty misery.

"Good-bye," he said taking her handsome old hand and kissing it, for he had become very much attached to this lady, who was only Rowena grown old, "I shall leave Canada for ever next week. I could not breathe the air with Rowena whom I love and who cannot trust me."

There is very little doubt that Hugh meant what he said, and that at this moment his scalp might have been decking the belt of some amiable chieftain on the Rocky Mountains had not that saying been written to last through time and eternity, "*L'homme propose et Dieu dispose*."

A sudden scream, shrill and piercing with bodily anguish, followed by another and another, and coming from the summer kitchen, smote the air, and Hugh's heart leaped to his throat. Grannie rose trembling, and crying out "Rowena!" sank down again and cried out to Hugh "go to her."

Hugh hurried himself round the corner and met flying towards him a little figure lapped about in golden flames, waving above the bright head in cruel, graceful, slender tongues, and whirling and writhing into the crisp air.

He opened his arms and caught her, crushing the flames down, and yet blinded and cruelly scorched by them as he sprang towards an open cistern, which he remembered mechanically.

It was full, thanks to the autumn rains, and in a second he had plunged with her into it.

By every rule of romance the cistern ought to have been a river, and Hugh ought to have laid Rowena dripping on the grass, pressed a frantic kiss on her brow and departed by express train for the Rocky Mountains.

He did nothing of the kind. He fished her out of the cistern, and when he saw what the flames had done to the pretty white neck, the dimpled arms and the poor little hands, he forgot that one side of his own face was cruelly scorched, and his arms literally masses of raw, hideous blisters; he forgot everything but the fact that she still lived and breathed faintly, and that he had saved her.

Six weeks later Rowena, with a faint pink beginning to dawn coyly in her white little face, lay on a sofa drawn before the fire, which was winking ruddily through the dusk at the little tea-table set out with gay old china and a huge silver teapot that had seen a great deal of life during its eighty years connection with the family. Hugh, both his arms bound and bandaged yet, sat on a footstool beside the sofa, and grannie was away in the buttery, where she had the good taste to remain for a considerable time.

Rowena has one arm round Hugh's neck, and what do you suppose she is saying to him as she smooths his scarred cheek tenderly?

"Hugh, darling, won't you tell me who she is?" "Who, my precious girl?" says Hugh, who has quite forgotten the little misunderstanding which had nearly resulted in the Rocky Mountains.

"The lady in the hotel parlor, dearest," says Rowena, and has the grace to blush.

Hugh looks comically round at her. "I can't encourage my future wife in jealousy," he says, shaking his head, and Rowena cries out with tears in her eyes:

"Hugh, you know there never was a less jealous woman than I am."

Hugh looks at one of the little fingers, on which his sapphire ring is sparkling in the firelight, and laughs as he answers,

"She is my sister Bertha, who was passing through the village with her husband, in such haste that I had not time to introduce her to you."

"Oh!" says Rowena, with a sigh of perfect content, "but please don't call me jealous, Hugh, because you know I am not anything of the kind."

Hugh hides a laugh by stooping and kissing the hand that wears his ring, and thinks that after all perhaps a wife entirely without that failing would not suit him as well as one with an aromatic dash of it through her sunny little heart.

"Pray, what have peaches to do with all this nonsense, may I ask?"

Well perhaps not much. They met under the

peach blossoms, and Hugh thinks that except for that peach preserve attending to which Rowena's dress took fire, she might never have stood beside him crowned with a rosy coronal of the same rich blooms, while he slipped on the third finger of her left hand a plain gold ring, with the sapphire set with pearls to guard it.

That is the reason I call this humble tale "peaches," and as that delectable fruit has a kernel, so this has a moral which you are heartily welcome to if you can find it.

HOW IT WORKED WITH GRIPPS.

Jenner Grippe was a man of brains, so he said. He was also an apostle of medicine, and a human benefactor; he also said this of himself. But at all events, Grippe was a wide-awake man, and by careful attention to business he had accumulated quite a fortune.

This business, by the way, was advertising a great medical discovery of his, a compound that went far ahead of the renowned "Pokeberry Extract," and was warranted (in his advertisements) to cure everything, from a parched corn to the most hopeless case of consumption.

And yet in spite of this remarkable medicine, the death rate ran about as high as before, and the human flesh seemed subject to quite as many ills as ever it was. According to Dr. Grippe, this was owing to the fact of the people refusing to buy his medicine, or of not taking enough of it when they started with it to save their lives.

But as the fools are not all dead, or because the new crop is quite as numerous as the old one was, Grippe succeeded, by dint of extensive advertising, in getting rid of quite a large quantity of his stuff, and got quite rich at the business. It didn't matter much how worthless a thing you have to sell, if you advertise it well, you can sell it.

One day a long, lanky fellow shuffled into his office in search of a job. He didn't care much what it was, or what he was paid for it: his greatest ambition was to get a job.

Grippe was instantly taken with the greenhorn; that is to say, he liked his ideas regarding wages, and he had always wanted a man to experiment on—somebody he could thoroughly impress with his greatness and importance—somebody he could bestow good advice upon, and show them how he made his mark in the world.

So the countryman was hired for general utility. Daniel, that was his front name, came the next day and began to work. Grippe also began on him, giving him all sorts of smart maxims to spur him on; and, above all things, informing him that enterprise was what he wanted—what every man wanted in this world; and that it was the exercise of this God-like attribute that made him what he was.

Things went on for about a week, and Daniel found himself almost exhausted by struggling with the old man's maxims; but still he toiled patiently; on. Sometimes bottling the "Life Breeding Elixir," or washing bottles, and sometimes posting bills. In fact, this latter branch of the business occupied the most of his time; for the doctor showed him how handy it was to take a paste pot and brush, and a lot of bills with him as he went home at night, and put them up wherever he saw a chance. He also convinced him how enterprising it was.

But, somehow or other, Daniel showed more chances for improvement than the old man could attend to, and do everything else. He was altogether too honest, and so far as posting bills was concerned, he was too timid to make half a show. He was soft and honest enough to respect the bills of other people, and avoid places where it said "Post no Bills."

To this weakness the old man directed his best efforts, for it affected him the most nearly. One day he got in a large lot of very large, showy posters, on which "Dr. Jenner Grippe's Life Breeding Elixir" was printed in flaming type. Those bills must be thoroughly posted; so he took Dan in hand.

"You must have more cheek, or I must have a man in your place. Timidity may do very well in the country, but it will ruin a man in London. Now, I want you to take a lot of these posters and post them. Understand? Slap 'em up everywhere—over anybody's, on anybody's fence or house—what's the odds? The more audacity you display, the better the bills will show off, the more excitement they will create, and the more Elixir will be sold. Be enterprising, be cheeky. Go over to the West End; go out into some of the broadest streets. If you find a space, slap 'em up. Go to-night; paste one on every vacant spot you can find, on every vacant house. Be enterprising, be bold. I'll back you in it, so don't be afraid. Follow my instructions, and I'll make a rich man of you yet. Understand?"

Dan thought he did, and he resolved to follow out his instructions to the letter. So he took about a thousand bills, a paste bucket and brush, and started. He struck out for the West End, and whenever he found a space that nobody was watching, he "slap 'em up."

About midnight he came across a new house, as yet unoccupied, although evidently already to be. There was no light to be seen, and so he began on the newly painted fence that surrounded it. He went over the fence regardless of cost. Then he went for the house. He pa-

pered it as high as he could on all sides. He daubed a dozen or so over the front door. He ornamented the windows, the blinds, the piazza, the newly-laid paint assisting the bills to stick all the tighter; and, as nobody came to molest him, he finished his night's work there, putting up all he had, and then he went home happy, conscious of having done as directed.

The next day he reported what he had done, and the old man patted him on the back, and told him he would yet make his mark in the world, told him to go and do some more. This made Daniel feel proud and contented with his lot, so he took another lot—of bills, and started in another direction.

That afternoon Grippe took a couple of friends out to see his new house at the West. They found it. They found it tin-roofed and mansarded with Grippe's posters. Then Grippe got mad. He laughed hysterically, and mumbled something about a Daniel come to judgment. And his friends laughed. They saw the joke almost as quick as he did, but they didn't feel it so much as he did, for it cost him about fifty pounds to scrape those bills off and repaint his house.

And that's how it worked with Grippe.

FAMILY MATTERS.

TO MAKE BLACK INK.—Soak eight ounces of powdered nutgalls in three pints of rain water for forty-eight hours.

TO PRESERVE CIDER.—Bring the cider while new to a scalding heat, then put it up in bottles or jugs, and cork tightly.

TO MAKE CIDER INTO VINEGAR.—Add half rain water and a little molasses, and set in the sun or where it will keep warm.

TROY PUDDING.—One cup of chopped suet, one teaspoonful each of salt and soda, one scant cup of molasses, one and a half of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, two and a half cups of flour, and one cup of chopped raisins. Add spices if liked, and boil three hours.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM MARBLE.—Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone and one of finely-powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve, and mix it with water; then rub it well over the marble, and the stains will be removed. Wash the marble afterward with soap and water.

A VERY superior cement for joining wood may be made by soaking isinglass or gelatine in water until it swells. The water should then be drained off and spirit poured on it, and the vessel placed in a pan of hot water until the isinglass is dissolved. This cement must then be kept in a well-stoppered bottle.

JELLIED VEAL.—Take a knuckle of veal, wash it, put it in a pot with water enough to cover it, boil it slowly for two or three hours, then take out all the bones—be sure to pick out all the little ones—cut the meat into small pieces, put it back into the liquor, season to your taste with pepper, salt, and sage; let it stew away until pretty dry, turn it out into an oblong dish, or one that will mould it well to cut in slices. This is a relish for breakfast.

POLISH FOR FURNITURE.—One-third of spirits of wine, one-third of vinegar and one-third of sweet oil, or rather more of the last. Shake the bottle well daily for three weeks; it is then fit for use, but the longer it is kept, the better it is. The furniture must be rubbed till the polish is dry; use every two or three months, and rub the furniture over daily when dusted. For dining-room tables and sideboards, use it every week; it makes them beautifully bright.

AN EXCELLENT BREAD PUDDING.—Soak two pounds of pieces of dry stale bread, or toast, all night in plenty of water, with a plate laid on the top to keep them under water. Next morning pour off, and squeeze out all the superfluous water; then mash fine the pieces of bread, mix with half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of cleaned currants, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, four ounces of suet, chopped fine, and two teaspoonfuls of fresh-ground allspice; then grease the inside of a baking-dish with a bit of suet, put in the pudding, and bake for two hours.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE Pope completed the 81st year of his age, on the 13th May.

A NEW gold-field has been discovered in South Africa within a hundred miles of Capetown.

OVER 8,000 persons have been either killed or wounded by street accidents in London in the five years 1866-1870.

It has been announced by the Duke of Cambridge that the camp at Wimbledon would be ready for occupation on the 5th July, and the shooting would commence on the 7th.

THE directors of a London co-operative omnibus company have just adopted an ingenious method of inducing the public to use their omnibuses instead of those of the opposition company. They offer a set of prizes every three months to the persons who can produce the largest number of tickets in proof that they have performed the journey. The prizes consist of sums of £5, £2.10s., £1.10s., and four or 5s.

THE men employed for watering the avenue of the Champs Elysées, by means of hand hoses in connection with the main pipes, have been in the habit of "laying" on the dou che on car-

riage dogs; following the vehicle, these unfortunates received suddenly a downpour; taking fright, they sought refuge in the carriage, destroying valuable toilettes. The practical joke has been discontinued, and the Municipal Council has had to make good no less than seven damaged costumes.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

NOTHING in the universe is independent.

WE pass our life in deliberation, and we die upon it.

WE open the hearts of others when we open our own.

How poor are they who have neither patience nor hope.

THE heart never grows old, but it becomes sad from being lodged in a ruin.

TRUTH irritates those only whom it enlightens, but does not convert.

BOAST not of thy good deeds, lest thy evil deeds be also laid to thy charge.

BY suffering we may avoid sinning; but by sinning we cannot avoid suffering.

NEVER show that you suspect, nor accuse till you have found that your suspicion was well founded.

LOVE is a science, rather than a sentiment. It is taught and learned. One is never master of it at the first step.

HE who gives up is soon given up; and to consider ourselves of no use is the almost certain way to become useless.

WE never can be hurt but by ourselves. If our reason be what it ought, and our actions according to it, we are invulnerable.

THOSE who reprove us are more valuable friends than those who flatter us. True progress requires either faithful friends or severe enemies.

HAVE frank explanations with friends in cases of affronts. They sometimes save a perishing friendship; but secret discontent and mistrust always end badly.

How often a sound night's sleep changes our feelings towards those who differ from us! And how cautious, after this experience, should we be in hasty, ill-digested denunciation of the conduct and opinions of others!

A FREEBLE and delicate exterior is not unfrequently united with great force of intellect, and it would appear as if, occasionally, the energies of the one increase in strength as the powers of the other decline. Would Moscow have illumed the sky with her thousand fires had she been built of more durable material?

HEALTH UNDERVALUED.—Such is the power of health that, without its co-operation, every other comfort is torpid and lifeless, as the powers of vegetation without the sun. And yet this bliss is commonly thrown away in thoughtless negligence, or in foolish experiments on our own strength; we let it perish without remembering its value, or waste it to show how much we have to spare.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

AN ordinary iron water pipe lasts about fifteen years, but if laid in a box and run in with asphalt, there is no limit to its durability.

M. JONGLET suggests, as a method for cooling air at will for hospitals, breweries, granaries, &c., the forcing of air through a perforated metallic plate over which a stream of water continually flows.

PLASTER OF Paris—so called because of the vast beds near that city—has been discovered in Sussex at a depth of 131 feet, in such quantities that the landowners are thinking seriously of working it. The variety is crystalline, generally known as alabaster.

CLEANSING GLASS.—At a recent meeting of the American Lyceum of Natural History, Dr. Walz suggested a method for cleansing greasy beakers and photographic glass plates which must at once commend itself to all practical chemists and photographic operators. He takes a dilute solution of permanganate of potash, and pours in enough to wet the sides of the vessel to be cleaned. A film of hydrated manganic oxide is deposited, which is then rinsed with hydrochloric acid. Chlorine is formed, which acts in the nascent state on the organic matter, which becomes readily soluble. The permanganate solution can be used again and again till its oxydising power is exhausted.

PULVERIZED SOLID COD LIVER OIL.—The difficulty of overcoming the nauseating qualities of cod liver oil has attracted the attention of many pharmacologists, among others of M. Tissier, who has lately published the results of his experiments. He takes of white gelatin 4 parts, 25 parts of distilled water, the same of simple syrup, and 50 parts of refined powdered sugar. The gelatin is heated in a water-bath, with the water and syrup, till dissolved, the cod liver oil and sugar being mixed in a mortar; the two compounds are then stirred together, and the stirring continued until the mixture is cold. It will then appear as a gelatinous mass, and powdered sugar is then added until a firm paste is made, which, after being cut into small pieces, is left to become so hard as to be easily granulated in

a mortar. The second addition of powdered sugar will bring the quantity up to 250 parts, of which 20 per cent. will be cod liver oil. It is to be kept in a tightly-stoppered bottle.

LIFE IN THE OCEAN DEPTHS.—The unscientific man is generally startled a little when Agassiz tells him that "the ocean is the true home of animal life." He is so accustomed to think of the sea as barren and desert that he "makes great eyes," as the Germans say, when the naturalist assures him that it is the land which is comparatively bare of animal life. The land, to be sure, is the habitation of the most perfect of animals; and, as it is, besides, the home of our species, we naturally connect the idea of life with it rather than with the ocean. The land, moreover, affords more favorable conditions for the development of a greater variety of functions, among which is the faculty of uttering sounds, while almost all marine animals are dumb. The latter have such a quiet way that we are apt to overlook them—the fate of quiet people generally. Sure it is that in the number both of species and of individuals the ocean far exceeds the land. We begin to realize this when we look down into a shallow, waveless sea, and observe the variety of creatures of all sorts—crabs, snails, worms, starfishes, polyps—which have their homes among the sea-weeds; and yet those animals which we are able to see in their submarine abodes are nothing in comparison to the hosts of smaller creatures imperceptible to our eyes—the infusoria, myriads of which the microscope brings to our view, and which are all, without exception, aquatic.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

A MATTER of corse—A coroner's inquest.

WHAT game does a lady's bustle resemble? Backgammon.

TO MAKE A JOKE GO THE ROUNDS.—Send it to a circus clown.

QUERY.—Is there more spring about a leap-year than any other year?

WHEN is a man likely to be done brown?—When his friends toast him.

CONGRUOUS COUPLES.

If there's a well-matched pair in married life It is a Horsey Man and Nagging Wife.

AN eminent teetotaler would only sit for his portrait on condition that he should be taken in water-colors.

WHAT is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child?—One pours with rain, and the other roars with pain.

WHAT is the difference between a tenant and the son of a widow?—The one has to pay rents, the other has not two parents.

THE Legislature of Nevada, just prior to final adjournment, passed a resolution thanking the chaplain for the brevity of his prayers.

A young lady recently presented her lover with an elaborately constructed penwiper, and was astonished the following Sunday to see him enter church wearing it as a cravat.

SELF-SACRIFICE.—Boy (to Lady Visitor): "Teacher, there's a gal over there a winkin' at me!"—Teacher: "Well, then, don't look at her!"—Boy: "But if I don't look at her, she'll wink at somebody else!"

THE latest labor-saving invention from the land of wooden hams is a toothpick that picks both rows of teeth at once. A leading advantage of it, according to the inventor, is that it can also be used as a comb.

AN Irish physician was called to examine the corpse of another Irishman, who had been assassinated by some of his countrymen. "This person," said he, after inspecting the body, "was so ill that if he had not been murdered he would have died half an hour before."

It is a fixed fact that certain propensities run in families, like red hair. A man who was hung in Ohio for murder some years ago left six sons, and every one of those children is now a medical practitioner. It's of no use trying 'to suppress these strong hereditary instincts.

A WRITER in the *Californian*, delivers a Sunday School address, of which the following passage is an example:—"You boys ought to be kind to your little sisters. I once knew a bad boy who struck his little sister a blow over the eye. Although she didn't fade and die in the early summer time, when the June roses were blowing, with the sweet words of forgiveness on her pallid lips, she rose up and hit him over the head with a rolling-pin, so that he couldn't go to Sunday School for more than a month, on account of not being able to put his best hat on."

WHERE THE ADVANTAGE WAS.—"I had more money than he had to carry on the suit," said a very mean Glasgow individual who had just won a lawsuit over a poor neighbor, "and that's where I had the advantage of him. Then I had much better counsel than he, and there I had the advantage of him. And his family were ill while the suit was pending, so he couldn't attend to it, and there I had the advantage of him again. But then Brown is a very good sort of man, after all."—"Yes," said his listener, "and there's where he had the advantage of you."

THE *Manchester Express* tells this melancholy story:—"A wife of nearly ten years, having given her servant a holiday, was attending to

culinary matters herself, and, hearing her husband coming in the kitchen, thought she would surprise him as soon as he entered the door by throwing her hands over his eyes and imprinting a kiss on his brow, as in the days of the honeymoon. The husband returned the salute with interest, and asked, as he disengaged her hands, "Mary, darling, where is your mistress?" The wife discharged "Mary, darling," the next day, and has adopted a new plan of "surprising" her husband.

UMBRELLA COURTSHIP.

The wind was damp with coming wet
When James and blue-eyed Lizzie met;
He held a gingham o'er his head,
And to the maiden thus he said:

"Oh, lovely girl my heart's afire
With love's unquenchable desire;
Say, dearest one, wilt thou be mine,
And join me in the grocery line?"

The maid, in accents sweet replied:
"Jim, hold the umbrella more my side;
My bran-new bonnet's getting wet—
I'll marry yer, yer needn't fret."

OUR PUZZLER.

87. CHARADES.

1. My first is a globe; my next is a fish; and my whole is a bird.
2. My first is a portion; my next's on the top of a house and my whole is a bird.
3. My first means equal; my next's to decay; and my whole is a bird.
4. My first is an animal; my second a shred; and my whole is a flower.
5. My first may be seen in a book; my next is an insect; and my whole is a show or display.
6. My first is a part of your face; my second a letter; and my whole is used at breakfast, dinner, and tea.
7. My first is a woman; my second a man; and my whole is a man.
8. My first may be seen in a field; my next is a measure; and my whole is a bird.

88. ANAGRAMS.

1. G Lisle, he's cranky.
2. Just roll him, Nat.
3. Briber not wrong?
4. H. Scylla at Rome.
5. Marry old Ben or Hugh.
6. Rare Jo's, dull dog?

G. LISLE.

89. SQUARE WORDS.

- 1.—1. A German river.
2. A French poet.
3. A Grecian god.
4. An artifice.
- 2.—1. An English town.
2. A Spanish river.
3. An Italian river.
4. An Irish cape.

90. NUMERICAL WORD PUZZLES.

I.

A hundred, five, one, nought, and an E,
You often may hear, but never can see!

II.

One thousand, two fives joined, nought, and
A N
Is the choicest of blessings given 'mongst men!

III.

Fifty, a five, one, nought, and E,
Is the emblem of peace to both you and me!

IV.

Two hundreds, a fifty, a nought, and a K,
Is seen by most people, at least once a day.
J. G. PENNY.

ANSWERS.

74. CHARADE.—Earring.

75. CROSS PUZZLE.

A S S
C A T
A T E
M U L L I N G A R
S A T I S F I E D
S H E F F I E L D
L I P
R E D
O D E

76. CLASSICAL MENTAL PICTURE.—The massacre of the Tyrians.

77. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Scott, Byron, thus: SyllabuB, CanarY, Onosander, TintO, TIN.

78. LETTER PUZZLE.—L. E. L. (Miss Landon); W. Wordsworth, Thomas Moore, Robert Burns, thus:

W O E	T A N G L E	R O T
W R Y	H Y E M A L	O W L
O R B	O U T L A Y	B O W
R A P	M A R	E L L
D A Y	A G A T E	R O B
S O B	S T I L L	T I N
W E T	M O U N T	B U D
O L D	O F T	U R N
R A C H I S	O D I O U S	R A V I N E
T A L E N T	R A N S O M	N O R M A L
H U B B U B	E G O I S M	S O I R E E

79. LOGOGRAPH.—Cod, thus:—DC add O.

THE TRYSTING-TREE.

BY AMY KEY.

"Sweetheart, high on our trysting-tree,
I carve the name that is dearest to me;
Below, the date of that happy day
When we meet again: 'The ninth of May,
Eighteen hundred and sixty-three.'"

In green folds over a waking world,
The banners of life are all unfurled;
The glad reveillé of the flowers
Rings through the sunny glad some hours,
And every fair and fragrant thing
Answers the roll-call of the spring.

"Sweetheart, good-bye!" Across the calm
Of the summer sea, rings the funeral psalm,
Fold the gay colors across his breast,
In the spring of his manhood gone to rest;
Lay him low in the pathless deep;
The trysting-hour he yet may keep.

Sunshine gleams o'er a minster spire,
Touching a cross with summer fire—
A marble cross, a faded wreath,
Dead as the mem'ry of her beneath!
The name, the date, 'tis the meeting-day
Of the lovers beneath the trysting-tree:
"Margaret Olive. The ninth of May,
Eighteen hundred and sixty-three."

SCENE WITH A MADMAN.

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER,
OF MONTREAL.

Many years have elapsed since the incident I am about to relate occurred, yet it is still fresh in my memory, and I shudder when I think of it.

In 18— my husband, who was in the Government Engineer Department, was ordered to Trinidad, an island in the British West Indies. I accompanied him, of course; the change to a tropical clime was very pleasant and novel, as I had never left home before. We lived in a pretty cottage on the outskirts of the barracks, near the Grand Savannah, as the ground for reviewing the troops was called.

It was balmy, beautiful weather, one of those delicious evenings which are sometimes experienced in the tropics, and perhaps more noticed and appreciated, after the burning heat of the day.

My husband and myself were sitting in an open verandah in front of our house anxiously awaiting a friend, whom we expected for dinner, a gentleman who owned a plantation some few miles from us. He was a great favorite of ours, for besides being a very agreeable companion, he was a countryman from the same country, Devonshire, which created a greater interest in him, although we had not been acquainted with each other at home, having only met accidentally after our arrival in Port of Spain.

I had just turned to my husband and said, "Shall we have dinner? it is long past the hour;" when I espied our expected guest riding rather furiously through the avenue of trees leading to our house. In a few moments he came up to the steps and jumped off the horse.

As he spoke to us, I saw at a glance that there was something unusual about him, for his manner was always calm and dignified, but now he was quite excited.

At first I attributed it to the influence of wine, although I had always known him extremely temperate. However, we were soon seated at table, and Mr. Glenn's (which was our friend's name) vivacity increased. Of course, I thought then that he had broken through his abstemious rules and was intoxicated, and was much surprised to observe that he refused wine when it was handed to him.

Our guest rattled on wildly and incoherently from one subject to another. My husband exchanged a glance with me, and seemed as much puzzled as myself. I felt inclined to rise and leave the table, but did not like to do it. In spite of my discomposure, I could scarcely forbear laughing when I observed our butler, John, who was handing a dish around, stand amazed at something our visitor said, his great white teeth gleaming out of his ebony face in a broad grin, and his eyes opened wide in astonishment, when after a short silence Mr. Glenn slammed the table, causing all the glasses to clatter, and exclaimed:

"I say, Wainwright, will you exchange your wife for my last new horse. I rather like her, and then you will not be a loser, for my horse is a splendid animal."

That was a climax; I could endure nothing more. It came instinctively to my mind that the man was mad, and I jumped up and attempted to quit the room, but my design was frustrated, for Mr. Glenn seized me and seated me back in my chair, giving me at the same time a furious glance.

Oh! the terror I felt I can never forget, for I had never seen an insane person before. My husband in a moment was at my side, and quite calmly said:

"Leave my wife, Glenn. Let us go out into the verandah and have a smoke."

I was surprised at the time at my husband's coolness, but I knew afterwards that he used the wisest course.

The poor madman (which undoubtedly our friend was) relinquished his hold on me and passively followed my husband.

I escaped to my bedroom and locked myself in, determining not to quit it until Mr. Glenn had left the house.

Hour after hour I sat at the window of my bedroom watching the fire-flies flitting through the trees like myriads of tiny lamps, and listening to the unceasing busy hum of the night insects, for the evening had closed in. My husband had not come to seek me, and there I sat, bewildered as to the cause of our friend's becoming so suddenly insane. I was grieved to lose the society of one I esteemed more than others, for even if he recovered I should always feel afraid of him. At last I could bear the suspense no longer, but summoning my maid, I sent to call my husband.



"THE NAME THAT IS DEAREST TO ME."

"Robert," I said, as he entered my room, "is not this a terrible occurrence? What could have occasioned Mr. Glenn's sudden madness?"

"Impossible to tell, my dear," he replied, "he is too incoherent for me to have a clue. He is, without doubt, perfectly insane, and I am trying to persuade him to leave the house quietly, as I should feel sorry to have to resort to force, but as yet I have not succeeded, and very soon I shall have to get assistance, for he is becoming worse. But I can stay no longer. You had better go to bed, for you are perfectly safe here."

Then my husband went out. I again locked the door, and sat down to my solitary watch.

Sleep at last stole on me, and I threw my head back on the chair, which I pushed a little away from the window, for I determined not to undress and go to bed until matters were settled in the household.

How long I dozed I cannot say, but I was aroused by a sound at the window by my side, and as I jumped up and sat erect, I was seized in a powerful grasp, by whom I did not see at first. Then came a demoniac laugh, and I knew that I was in the power of the maniac.

Ah! the intense horror of that moment! I was too terrified to think, but gave myself up to death, only giving one despairing cry for help, which seemed to infuriate the mad creature, for he seized me more violently, and attempted to choke me, while he yelled in my ears:

"You hid from me, did you? You shall not escape me again."

Terror overcame me, I became unconscious and knew nothing more until I found myself in bed, and all was quiet. Not long after my husband came in.

"Robert," I said, "have I been ill?"

He seemed pleased to hear me speak.

"You have been ill for some days, my love, and I am glad to find you looking better. You had a narrow escape, my dear. I was just in time to save you."

As my husband said this, the whole terrible scene, in which I had fainted, came sweeping back to my memory, for I had entirely forgotten the occurrence.

"I remember it all, Robert, now, but I did not at first. Tell me how he found me. I cannot think how he gained the window."

"I will tell you, my dear, what happened. That night, when I found it getting late, and could not get Glenn away, finding him rather unruly, I went to get Barry to come over and stay with me until the morning, when I would be able to have the unfortunate man taken

We never saw our poor lost friend again, and the last we heard of him was that he still remained in the asylum. We never discovered the certainty of the cause of his insanity, but the only clue that could be found was there was a rumor that Mr. Glenn had received an injury in his head some years before, and was then insane for some time, and the doctors feared a relapse if he ever received a mental shock, and it transpired, through his old house-keeper, that on the morning of her master's sudden insanity he had got a letter from England, which "he had gone on dreadful bad about," according to the old woman's words. Whether it was the letter, which may have brought direful news, or whether he had been becoming insane previous to it, will ever remain a mystery.

Thus ended my first, and, I truly hope, my last experience with maniac.

THE CIRCULATORY SYSTEM IN CRUSTACEA.

The circulatory system is more definite, compact and perfect than that found in insects. The heart, instead of being long and divided into chambers, is an oval bag which sends vessels forward to the eye, head, antennae, and stomach, sideways to the two large lobes of the liver, and downwards through a great trunk which divides into two; one running to the gills and legs, and the other backward to the tail. The blood from the gills finds its way into spaces lying immediately under the shell, which all communicate with one another, and the largest communicates with the heart by slits in the side of that organ. This higher and better developed blood system is rendered necessary by the breathing organs being confined to certain definite parts—the gills. In those Crustacea where there are no gills, the circulatory system is not so perfect. The gills are organs which sprout from above the basal joints of the walking legs. In the lobster there are several to each leg. They consist of a tapering triangular stem, upon which a vast number of little tubular projections are set. These are of thin membrane, and are supplied internally with blood from an artery which mounts the stem, diminishing as it ascends, while the aerated blood is discharged into a vein, which also lies in the stem and enlarges as it descends. Although these organs are essentially gills or outward extensions of the integument, yet they are too delicate to be exposed to the casualties of the outer world. They are therefore included under the dorsal shield. In the lower orders, however, they are exposed and attached to the members of other segments of the body. The gills are thus included in a chamber under the shield. It is of course essential that a free stream of water should pass over them, and to effect this there are two orifices which form the entrance and exit of the water. The entrance lies forward on the side of the mouth, and it has covering it a large flap from the second pair of maxillae or foot-jaws, which is continually worked so as to drive the water inwards. The exit is a long slit behind and below the chamber. Aeration is maintained not only thus but by mechanical means within the chamber, for at the top of each leg there is, beside the gills, a long, stiff, leaf-like projection, which passes up between the gills, and as the animal walks this stiff fiabellum squeezes the gills, and so renews both the water without and the blood within them.—From "Cassell's Popular Educator."

The shooting of prisoners by the Carlists forms the subject of a circular to the diplomatic agents of the Spanish Government abroad. By this document, the statement so persistently denied by the Carlist organs, would appear to receive that weight which an official expression of the circumstances, brought formally to the notice of the different powers, must give it.

ROSE-TINTED CURTAINS.—White muslin curtains can readily be tinted of a beautiful rose color by Magenta dissolved in water. A shilling's worth of magenta powder dissolved in barely as much water as to steep the curtains in completely, and then wrung out, tinted two pairs of large window curtains after being starched, and another pair after these were done. The tint fades soon where much exposed to the sun, but it can be renewed, where faded by a soft brush, or by dipping anew. There are various applications of it—for example, to toilet covers, &c.

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